

A DAY WITH THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD CARVEL"
DECEMBER CHRISTMAS STORIES 10 Cents
ILLUSTRATED—TIMELY ARTICLES
ODD THINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA
By HOWARD C. HILLEGAS, Author of 'Oom Paul's People'

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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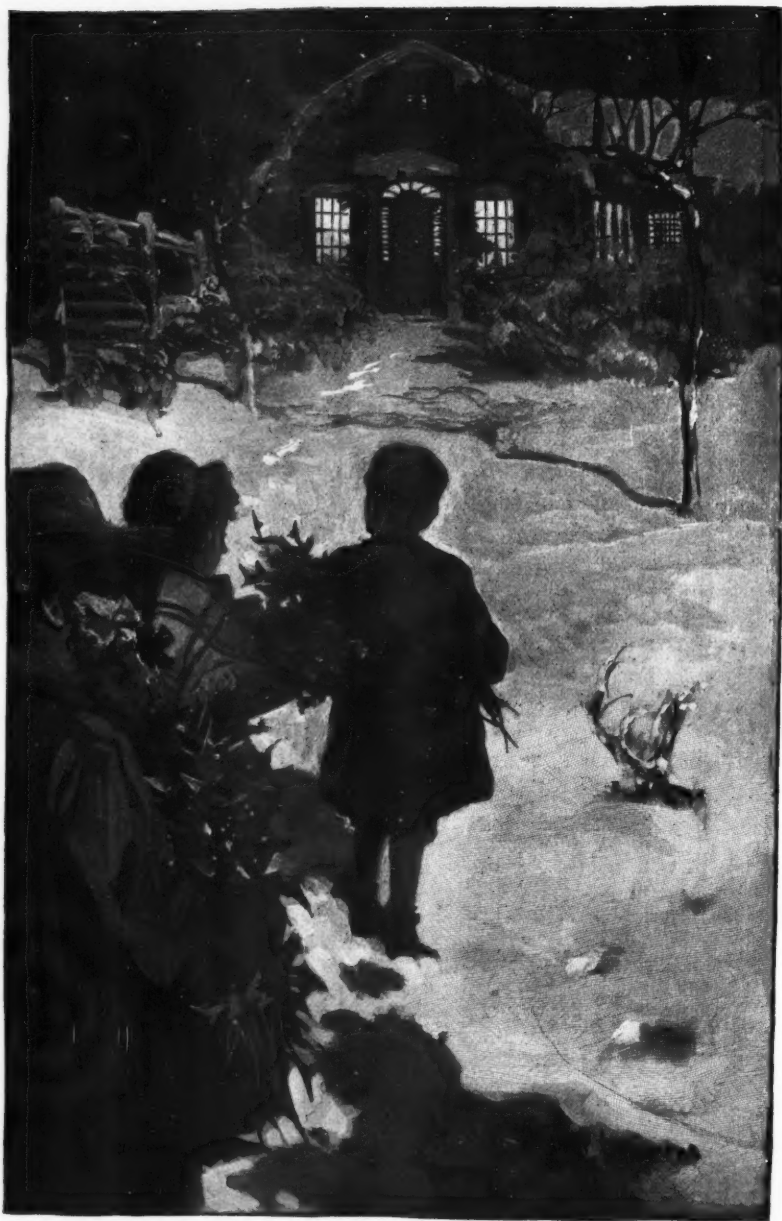
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GLORY · TO · GOD
IN · THE · HIGHEST



AND · ON · EARTH
PEACE · GOODWILL
TOWARD · MEN

Drawn by Charles E. Heil



Drawn by Walter L. Greene

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe."

Sir Walter Scott

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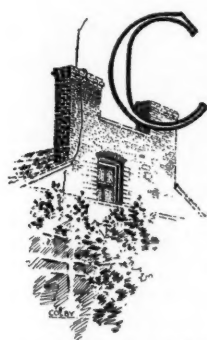
DECEMBER, 1899

No. 3



A DAY WITH THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD CARVEL"

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



CALCULATIONS for making early trains often go awry. Shortly after sunrise on a regal autumn morning, I stood on Beacon Street boulevard, waiting for a car. I was to catch a train that left in sixteen minutes, when the scheduled time to the station was twenty minutes—and no car in sight. I paced the greensward 'twixt the tracks.

There was no revel in poetic rhapsodies of regal autumn—I looked up the deserted track—and still no car in sight, and the trolley wires were buzzless as a beeless hive.

Down the boulevard came a smart rubber-tired rig—the driver muffled to his ears—and a mouse-colored horse that was going like the wind. I hailed him with a lusty "Ho, there!" and he managed to bring up to a full stop a short distance beyond me.

"I must get to the Boston & Maine station in sixteen minutes!"

"Gad's life, I'm not running a stage."

"I must catch that train!"

"What for?"

"Going to see Winston Churchill, author of 'Richard—'"

"Gadzooks! get in here quick. I've been up several nights with that book, and 'sdeath! I couldn't—Go along there, Bess!—Egad, I don't read a book often—Steady, girl!—we are on a hot chase!—that book could be read—Say, do you recall Chartersea's dive into the Serpentine?—I love a horse—and Carvel was a lad after my own—'Sblood, so you are going to see him? Gad's life—come Bess—"

On we dashed up Beacon Hill, and with a sharp turn down Bullfinch street, through the crooks and turns of historic thoroughfares, with no regard to the warning wave of the suddenly startled Boston policeman.

"Now chase your train," said my new Carvel comrade, throwing the bag after me. "You've only thirty seconds, and—"

The rest was lost as I saw him, whip in hand, standing over, the reeking, panting horse, determined to make sure that I was off on my pilgrimage.

A six-hour railroad ride from Boston through the gorgeous autumnal splendor of the hills of New Hampshire, brought me to Windsor, Vermont. Then across a hooded toll-bridge, over the placid Connecticut river, and along picturesque highways, I enjoyed a delightful drive to "New York"—a community of authors, artists and millionaires. Turning

across a solid stone-arched bridge, past a picturesque grist-mill, we were upon the road leading to the house of Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel." There was something fascinating in the beautiful stretch of landscape, and the trees, shrubs and velvety sward somehow suggested an old-time colonial estate.

By the main road on the crest of the hill are the stables and the old farmhouse where the author and his family spent the last summer. Up a winding roadway, near the high banks of the Connecticut, towered a long, two-story, colonial house, with imposing white pillars and French windows, in a grove of rugged oaks. The picture had a stately Carvel dignity about it.

Six months before this site was an unbroken forest, and now it seemed crowned with the settled solidity of a century.

In the building of this house there was an incarnation of the impressive ideals embodied in "Richard Carvel." On approaching the house, which is built of old colonial brick, giving the massive walls an appearance of age, there is a feeling of appropriateness that the author of "Richard Carvel" should dwell therein.

With the grace and dignity of his great characterization, Winston Churchill welcomed me to his new home. He appeared a fashionably attired young man of twenty-eight, displaying a most fastidious taste in every detail of his costume, combined with the courtly grace and dignity of colonial times. A typical college man, smooth-shaven with heavy black eyebrows that join above dancing and gentle brown eyes; with a manner that inspires good nature and good cheer, and a suggestion of a thorough course in athletics; there you have the author of "Richard Carvel." A solid, rugged type of genuine American manhood, with that love of dash and spirit which means "go!" in our national life.

Because the home expresses so much of the man, current interest now centres about the mansion with its great hewn rafters, the wainscoting of oak, the half-circle court with a sun dial in front of the house. The court is fringed with a massive low stone wall. And here comes the practical again. The plumbing, bath rooms and private water supply, obtained from a spring, the fire protection—all this indicates a blending of the latest improve-

A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "RICHARD CARVEL"

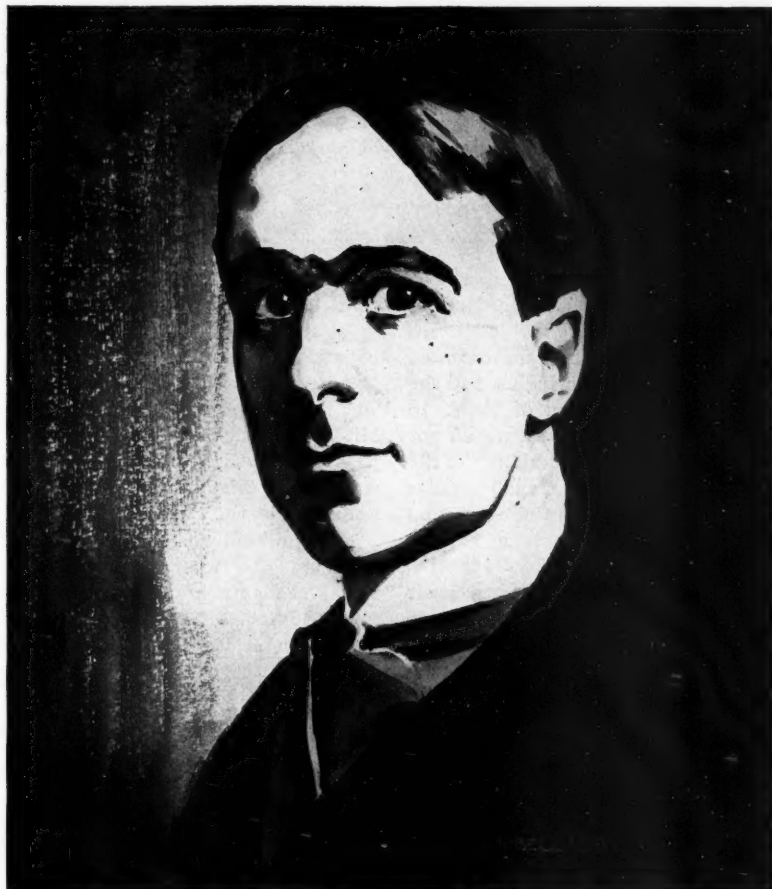
"Market," I had suggested.

Fox laughed coolly.
"Any you there?" he asked, Jack, he said.
"He never plied, but some business with us.
I felt myself stiffening, and hoped he was
only a force to fighting. The pieces had
ceased to settle, at the round mahogany
table, and every head in the room seemed
turned our way; for the Greek Garden story
was well known. Churchill laid his hand
on the back of our fourth chair, greeted
us with some ceremony, and said something
which, under the circumstances, was almost
unheard of in that day."

"If you stand in need of a fourth,
gentlemen, I should deem it an honor."

The situation had in its enough spice for
all of us. We welcomed him with alacrity.
The cards were cut, and it fell to his
share to deal, which he did very prettily,
despite his heavy hands. He knew
Charles Fox, and they were soon steadily.

Winston Churchill



ments with the picturesqueness of earlier days.

We retired to the library, in the west wing overlooking the river, containing galleries leading to bookshelves overhead, similar to Sir Walter Scott's house at Abbotsford. Sitting before the blaze in the fireplace we sipped black coffee and smoked, and then it was evident that the prevailing

passion of Winston Churchill is his home.

"No sir, I have no patience with literary cant. Writing, it appears to me, is a business, and a direct means to a direct end. If people read, they want to read for their own entertainment or instruction, and not to serve the author's pleasure or hobby. The lawyer prepares his brief to se-

cure a verdict; so must the author. The judgment must be passed from a standpoint entirely apart from that of the author. Yes, I make writing a business," He continued, after a sip of black coffee and a whiff of smoke, "Action and atmosphere, bone and blood are the things I try to put into books."

Every reader of "Richard Carvel" will recall how well-knit the work is done, and the flow of epigram and incident. The verisimilitude is so strong that not a word is uttered by any character that does not seem to fit.

A glance at the books in Mr. Churchill's library indicates the labor his work involves. These are crowded with notes along the margins, and the edges bristle with slips of paper to mark the places. He is saturated not only with the events and history of the period, but its atmosphere and popular spirit and their sequential effect and the smallest detail of costume, expression and inflection.

A stroll towards the stables leads past an attractive tennis court. In the centre of what was an old pasture, some distance away, is a little wooden shanty resembling a Dakota "claim shack." In this building was a roll-top desk and typewriter, and the walls are covered with rows of reference books. Here is where Mr. Churchill works and has written the greater part of a new American historical novel—which we may hint covers a more western locality than "Richard Carvel." There are seven boxes which held the seven different drafts made of every chapter, and pinned to each page are the memorandums from which changes are made. It was indeed interesting to note the evolution of the manuscript of "Richard Carvel" from the first draft. Words changed, phrases altered, everything made to fit. Chapters discarded and entirely rewritten, titles

shifted, sketches, plots and all data kept with the precision and system of filing legal documents. When one sees all this, the value of work is appreciated. And the final exhibit "X. Y. Z." of the proof sheet with a railroad map on the margins are such as printers welcome when reported—"lost or missing." The interlineations and plodding, painstaking care reveal how and why "Richard Carvel" ranks as high perfected workmanship in modern novel writing.

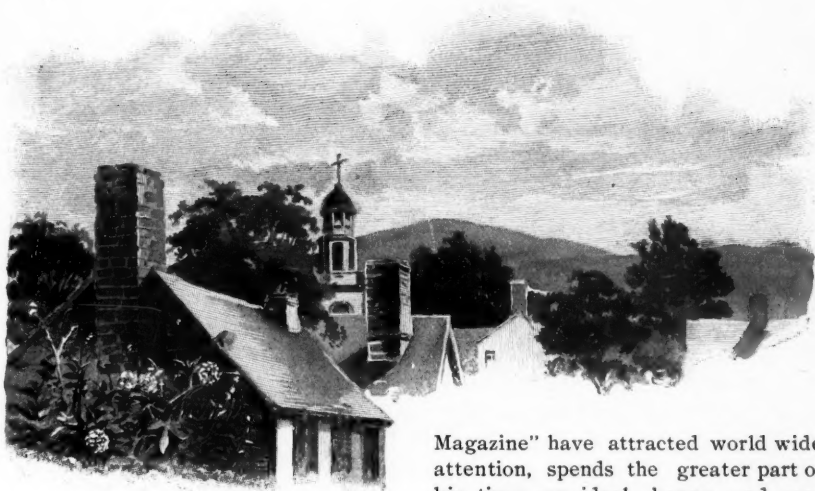
Of course the question any one would ask came to me: "How did you come to write 'Richard Carvel'?"

"History was always a passion with me and I had long had a defined purpose to write a historical novel, and was well along in 'Carvel' before Dr. Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne, Quaker,' appeared in 'The Century.' I presume the historical thought waves begun about the same time."

Mr. Churchill was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and was appointed to the naval academy at Annapolis, where he graduated. After serving several cruises in service, he resigned from the navy to go on the staff of the "Army and Navy Journal." After that he was managing editor of the "Cosmopolitan" for six months.

"My first book? Well, 'The Celebrity' was a sort of an overture, you know—just a first flight, to test my writing strength. I left the manuscript with a friend, and while I was in Europe it was accepted by the Mac-Millans. The ending was not satisfactory, and I locked myself in a room in Edinburgh to complete it, then sent the manuscript, and continued my tour through Europe with a light heart. The manuscript was lost, and when I returned I re-wrote the entire story.

"The friend with whom I left my manuscript," continued Mr. Churchill,



in a reminiscent manner, "was Dr. Shaw, editor of the 'Review of Reviews.' And it was he who told me of the remarkable way in which you wrote and sold a book in England during your short stay there. It was so that I remembered your name." And it was at once voted that Dr. Shaw is a great inspiration to scores of young authors, and to his credit remains the encouragement that lead to such a novel as "Richard Carvel." There is not more potential influence on American public life and letters than that of the able and scholarly editor of the "Review of Reviews."

A drive through the surrounding country indicated that it was a neighborhood with a genuine neighborliness. At Maxfield Parrish's snug little cottage, perched on a veritable Fairy Knowe, under a majestic oak, we found him placidly painting the Dutch doors of his barn a carmine to match his little red wagon. A studio was also being built, and here the distinguished young artist, whose covers for "Scribner's

Magazine" have attracted world wide attention, spends the greater part of his time—an ideal, happy and contented life it is, too.

St. Gaudens, the sculptor, lives near by, and Mr. Shipman, the playwright, belongs to this happy neighborhood; and the evenings with charades, dinners, and the days at games, have a social touch that is, indeed, refreshing after the formalities of city life. Among the other neighbors are Mr. Charles A. Platt, the architect of Mr. Churchill's house, whose work is rapidly becoming famous. His place, with its lofty grove and Italian garden, approaches the ideal of its kind. Mr. Charles C. Beaman, of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, is a near neighbor. Mr. Beaman is an enthusiastic farmer, and the number of his acres has recently increased to thousands. The old home of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is at Windsor, where a number of his family still reside. One of the most individual and complete houses in Cornish belongs to Mr. Stephen Parrish, the well known artist and etcher.

Back to the soil, after all! What is there to compare with country life

minus drudgery, plus good neighbors! These broad and sweeping stretches of majestic hills and scenic glory have a subtle but powerful influence on author and artist in widening the breadth of vision not attainable in the surroundings of city life.

"Thackery's influence on American literature will endure," continued Mr. Churchill, enthusiastically, "and his success in handling historical subjects was the stroke of a master hand. Yes, Paul Jones was always one of my great 'boyhood' heroes, and I presume that had something to do with my going to Annapolis, which in its famous old mansions with walls four feet thick, always seem to tell the stories of past days to me."

Mr. Churchill loves his work, impelled by motives of genuine sincerity. With a comfortable competence, a life of ease has no attraction for him; his gospel is work, and his purposes and ideals are ennobling.

The private mail bag when it arrives at Mr. Churchill's home is a condensed curiosity shop. There are queries as to who sells "Richard Carvel" in India, and accounts of the babies named after him by admirers. There is almost

every sort of a request that could be imagined.

At different times I found myself addressing him as "Mr. Carvel," and he was always careful to correct me, modestly affirming that he could not take to himself the honor. "I was Carvel's secretary," he replied, smiling.

* * *

In the fading glow of the back-log, he talked with the strong vigor of hunt and chase. There was never a minor or unpleasant note—none of the exotic pessimism which clouds and benumbs. In the flickering shadows I fancied we were back again living in those times which bring to us visions of stately grace and chivalry. We can live over the best of those days, as time has kindly hidden the dross—leaving only their purest and best, which usually survive in the chronicles of history. When I left the hospitable roof, I felt I had been under the spell of those rare old days, and in the author of "Richard Carvel" there was an emphasis of the true knighthood of genuineness, in which several generations, dating from sturdy Puritan stock blended with the spirit of the Southern Cavalier.

The first photograph taken of Mr. Churchill's new home, "Harlakenden House," after the first snowstorm in November, 1899



RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

Paraphrased, for the Most Part, from the Literal Version of Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell

By Charles Perez Murphy

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

OF all the great writers of the Far East, two only can be said to have achieved world-wide popularity. One is Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, while the other is known by his works alone, for his name is hopelessly lost. I refer, of course, to the unknown author of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Among the Oriental poets, therefore, Omar Khayyám occupies a position that is positively unique; for, while the writings of Sadi, Hafiz, Firdusi and a few others are known to students of general literature, their verses are but little read, and very rarely quoted.

It was in 1859—just forty years ago—that FitzGerald's now celebrated paraphrase of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám made its first appearance in England. It was published anonymously, and is described by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the well-known London publisher, as a "little, insignificant-looking, brown-paper-covered pamphlet." This first edition included only seventy-five quatrains, and of the "little, brown-paper-covered pamphlets" but two hundred and fifty were printed. Of these, Mr. FitzGerald kept fifty, and gave the remaining two hundred to Mr. Quaritch, who sold a considerable number of them for *one penny each*,—for the simple reason that he could get no more. Remembering this fact, it is interesting to note that, in 1898, a single copy of this first edition was sold at

auction in London for twenty-one guineas. Yet the poem, obscure and unattractive as was the guise in which it first appeared, commanded a certain attention, and it is said that Swinburne and D. G. Rossetti were among its earliest admirers.

FitzGerald's second edition appeared in 1868, and his third in 1872. Both were anonymous; and the first American edition, reproduced from the third English, was published by James R. Osgood & Co., in 1878. A privately-printed edition of a hundred copies of a reproduction of the second English redaction had been brought out in Columbus, Ohio, in 1870, and is now very scarce. As may be inferred from this recognized need for an American edition, "FitzGerald's Omar" had come, by this time, to be rather widely known; and it was, indeed, studied by scholars and by literary students; but, until the appearance of the now famous "Vedder Edition," the poem did not achieve a real and general popularity.

Mr. Elihu Vedder, an American artist, went to Rome early in 1883, and in May of that year began his monumental work, that of illustrating FitzGerald's paraphrase of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. For nearly a year he labored, most industriously, at his chosen task, and in March, 1884, he finished the last drawing of a series so artistic, so appropriate and so beautiful that it seems destined to link the name of Vedder, for all time, with those of Khayyám and FitzGerald.

For this marvelous poem, paraphrased by FitzGerald and illustrated by Vedder, comes as near, perhaps, to ideal perfection as any work ever offered to the public, by any publisher, in any land. Vedder's plates were widely copied, and were discussed at length in the leading periodicals. In brief, Mr. Vedder's pictures proved the one thing needful to confer upon "FitzGerald's Omar" a general, and probably permanent, popularity; for Vedder's wonderful angels and imposing allegorical figures awoke the popular imagination, and many persons who had never even heard of Omar Khayyám, or of Edward FitzGerald, came to know the Rubáiyát, if only as "the Oriental poem that Vedder illustrated."

During the last fifteen years—ever since the appearance of the Vedder edition—the fame of the Rubáiyát has steadily increased, and, by general consent, it is now ranked among the great poems of the world. In America and in England the study of the poem, has given rise to an "Omar Khayyám cult," and from this have sprung various clubs and societies bearing the name of the astronomer-poet; and the Omar Khayyám fad appeared to have reached a climax when, during the winter of 1898-9, portions of the poem set to music by Madame Liza Lehmann, were rendered in select circles in many of the leading American cities, and one young woman attracted considerable attention, in Chicago and elsewhere, by a not unsuccessful attempt to interpret Omar Khayyám by a series of dances and poses.

But, while the Rubáiyát owed much of its original popularity to Mr. Vedder's pictures; a poem, or a literary work of any kind, must possess intrinsic merits peculiarly its own to attain, and to retain, in the world's best literature, the important position which this poem now occupies. FitzGerald's latest,

corrected edition, contains one hundred and one quatrains, and these four hundred and four lines form a poem so exquisite and inimitable that most admirers of it are inclined to resent the appearance of any other. Yet others have tried their hands at it: notably Mr. E. H. Whinfield, who accompanied his creditable but laborious version with a reprint of the Persian text; Mr. John Payne, who published through the Villon Society a complete rendering of all the known Rubáiyát in the original meters—a colossal undertaking, admirable in its attempt rather than in its success; and in America Mr. John Leslie Garner, whose "Strophes of Omar Khayyám" were published in Milwaukee in 1888, and were republished, revised and enlarged, in Philadelphia in 1898.

Mr. Garner's rendering is entirely creditable, and, relatively considered, possesses the merit of comparative brevity. In his preface, Mr. Garner says: "The collection might have been made much larger, but it was deemed inadvisable, as Omar's themes are not many, and the ever-recurring Wine, Rose and Nightingale are somewhat cloying to Occidental senses."

There have been a number of other metrical versions of selections from the original, besides the various literal prose translations of Prof. E. B. Cowell—the first in the field—Justin Huntley McCarthy, M. P., which follows Nicolas with much fidelity—and last and most important of all, the superb achievement of Edward Heron-Allen, Esq., whose investigations into the sources of Edward FitzGerald's paraphrase and reproduction of the Bodleyan Ms. deserve the highest commendation.

Of paraphrases, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's has hitherto been the most notable both for its musical verse and its attempt to introduce some of the witty qualities of the old astronomer.

Nor is it only in English-speaking countries that the Rubáiyát is appreciated and studied; Germany has her own FitzGerald's in Herr Friedrich von Bodenstedt and the Count von Schack, while France can boast of the very comprehensive prose translation of Monsieur J. B. Nicolas.

Yet, with all its surpassing excellence, FitzGerald's paraphrase is far from being, or even approximating, a literal translation of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám. A knowledge of the Persian language is extremely rare, even among persons of the highest literary and educational attainments; many inferred, therefore, and very naturally, that Mr. FitzGerald had reproduced in English, and as literally as the laws of versification and the idioms of two widely differing languages would permit, the Rubáiyát,* of the old Persian poet.

This is not true; for while FitzGerald has perfectly preserved the Oriental

character of the original, and the tone and spirit of the Persian poet, to a wonderful degree, FitzGerald's Rubáiyát must be regarded as a *resultant*—a peculiarly happy combination—

—in which one man trace the ideas of Omar Khayyám, mingled in a nearly equal degree with FitzGerald's own.

But there is one diligent student of the Persian language and literature who has scarcely, as yet, received the recognition which her learning and her erudition deserve. I refer to Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell, wife of H. M. Cadell, a British officer in the East Indian army. Born in Scotland in 1844, and married while still quite young, Mrs. Cadell accompanied her husband to India. Having ample leisure, and being of a studious turn of mind, she made herself mistress of the Persian language,

and labored assiduously in the elucidation of Omar Khayyám. The fruits of her studies are embodied in a very scholarly article which appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" for May, 1879. In considering this re-

Reproduced from one of Elibu Vedder's famous drawings



* The word "Rubaiyat," (plural of rubai, a quatrain) is probably derived from the Arabic *arba*, a numeral adjective, meaning "four."

markable work, of about ten magazine pages, let us bear in mind that it either just preceded, or immediately followed, the appearance of FitzGerald's fourth edition.

"As very beautiful English verse," Mrs. Cadell greatly admires the work of Mr. FitzGerald; but, as a translation, she is "less satisfied with it. * * * It is a poem on Omar, rather than a translation of his work, and its very faults have, to English readers, taken nothing from its charm, and added much to its popularity. Its inexactness has allowed for the infusion of a modern element, which we believe to exist in the Persian only in the sense in which the deepest questions of human life are of all time."

In India, large numbers of quatrains are current under the name of Omar Khayyám; Mrs. Cadell herself collected one thousand and forty of them. But the greater portion of these are probably spurious, as the most competent judges believe that only from one-fourth to one-third of the stanzas attributed to Omar Khayyám were really written by him. And, as remarked by Mr. Garner, "Omar's themes are not many;" then, too, he has the distinctively Oriental habit of repeating the same thought in slightly differing forms, and, as Mrs. Cadell has observed and noted, certain of the quatrains, even among those undoubtedly genuine, express sentiments decidedly contradictory.

Therefore, while by no means depreciating the comprehensive and, in many respects, admirable, work of such writers as Mr. John Payne, Mr. Whinfield and Mr. Garner, one must admit the wisdom of FitzGerald and Mr. Le Gallienne, who have striven to produce an English equivalent of the Persian original, rather than a mere translation.

Still, a merely literal rendering is

not without its value, if only for purposes of comparison, and for the stanzas that follow it may be claimed that they are, for the most part, as nearly literal as, in metrical form I was able to make them; with a very few exceptions, they are paraphrased from the literal version of Mrs. Cadell, and my idea, throughout, has been to preserve the literal sense of the original. Some attempt has also been made in the way of a general classification, stanzas bearing an apparent relation one to another being placed together, and in such sequence as seemed most natural and effective.

I am deeply conscious of my audacity in submitting my present work for publication; and any merit that may be found in the accompanying verses must be attributed, in great part, to the conscientious and scholarly translation of Mrs. Cadell, whose untimely death, in 1884, deprived the world of a diligent student of Oriental literature, from whose ready pen much might have been expected.

To illustrate the very simple method used in the following stanzas, I here give Mrs. Cadell's literal rendering of a single quatrain; my own metrical version of the same is the seventh in the first division:

"See the morning breeze has torn the garment of the rose
With its loveliness the nightingale is wildly glad.
Sit in the rose's shade, but know, that many roses,
Fair as this is, have fallen on earth and mixed with it."

Anyone desiring to make a further comparison is referred to the volume of "Fraser" containing Mrs. Cadell's article, or to the resume of the same in Nathan Haskell Dole's valuable variorum edition of Omar Khayyám.

We may add that John Lane of London has just published Mrs. Cadell's metrical version of the Rubáiyát, with a biographical sketch and appreciation of her work by Dr. Richard Garnett.

RUBÁIYÁT

I

OF TO-DAY

About Existence, Friend, why fret thee aught?
Why weary soul and mind with useless thought?
Enjoy all things; pass gaily through this world;
Thy counsel, at the first, was never sought.

In heaven, we hear, are Houris, and bright streams,
Where wine runs red, and golden honey gleams.

If these we worship here, why, where's the harm?
For in the end we get them—so it seems.

The day is sweet, nor hot nor cool the air;
The dew has left the garden fresh and fair;
The bulbul, softly to the yellow rose
Lamenting, bids us to our wine repair.

Soft, misty veils the rose's face still shroud;
For wine my longing heart doth cry aloud.
Sleep not, dear Love; it is no time for sleep;
Bring wine, ere morning's sun be veiled in cloud.

Upon the rose breathes morn's fresh, fragrant breeze;
Fair glows a lovely face 'mid orchard trees.
But sad is all your talk of yesterday;
Sweet is to-day; its passing pleasure seize.

To-day, when all the earth with gladness burns,
Each living heart to greet the desert turns;
On every branch gleams Moses' snowy hand,
In every breath the soul of Jesus yearns.

Behold, the morning breeze has torn away
The garment of the rose; the bulbul's lay
Is wildly glad. Yet roses fair as this
Have dropped to earth, and mingled with the clay.

Eternal life we find, and lasting truth,
In wine, that harvest of our fleeting youth;
In time of roses, wine and merry friends,
Be glad and drink,—for that is life, forsooth.

Eternal things, past, present, or to be,
Are mysteries too profound for you and me.
Discuss them not, but be content with wine;
To many a problem it affords a key.

In Heaven, they tell us, fairest Houris are,
Rich sweets, and purest wine in many a jar.
Hand me yon brimming cup; one ringing coin
Is more than boundless credit—off so far.

Drink while you may! Life will not long abide
As bright quicksilver runs, 'twill swiftly glide.
Fortune is false, and hope a dream, and youth
Ebbs all too soon, like ocean's heaving tide.

II

OF LIFE

To men unborn, if you and I could show
What ills await them in this world of woe,
They never would be born; and you and I
Had best have stopped away—as now we know.

I never yet have seen a prosperous day;
Propitious winds have never blown my way;
And if with joy one single breath I drew,
Grief quickly chilled my soul with dire dismay.

The Eternal knot no man has e'er untied,
Nor trod one single step himself outside.

I look from helpless child to helpless sage:
The space betwixt the two is far from wide.

Had choice been mine, I ne'er had come this way;
Were choice now mine, I gladly here would stay;
But, best of all, if in this world of Earth,
Were neither death, nor change, nor sure decay.

Where'er a rose, or flaming tulip, springs,
It takes its hue from blood of buried kings;
From some fair cheek, now dust, each violet grows
That to this summer air its fragrance flings.

Of all the travelers to that unknown shore
Who o'er this self-same road their burdens bore,
Not one came back. Then pass no pleasure by;
For, once departed, you'll return no more.

Belief from unbelief, as life from death,
Is separate by just a single breath.
Pass gaily over the dividing line,
Nor heed what Fear or Superstition saith.

We come with anguish to this world of Earth;
We live in wonder, from the hour of birth;
We go with pain, not knowing why, or where,—
Nor why or whence we came, nor life's true worth.

Yon rolling stars but amplify our woe;
Whate'er they raise, they quickly overthrow.
Ah! Men unborn would never come to Earth,
If what awaits them here they could but know.

III

OF LOVE

When first it knew thee, to thy presence bright
My heart flew, quickly, and forsook me, quite.
Its mournful master it recalls no more;
Once having loved thee, it reflects thy light.

There's not a heart but bleeds for thy disdain,
Nor sage, but for thy love hath gone insane;
Though love for love thou never dost return,
The love for thee abides in every brain.

For love of thee, all kinds of blame I bear;
Woe be to me, should I this faith forswear.
Short will the time from now to Judgment be,
If, all through life, thy tyrant chains I wear.

From each red drop that trickles from mine eye
Will spring a gorgeous tulip, by-and-by;
Which, when the heart-sick lover shall behold,
He'll hope that thou art true, and cease to sigh.

From feigned love no lustre can be shed;
'Tis like a smouldering fire, and well-nigh dead.
Nights, days, months, years, to weary lovers bring
No peace, no sleep, no rest for heart or head.

Let wine be in my hand, or ever night,
And love of beauty still inform mine eye.
Men say to me: "God grant that thou repent!"
Suppose He did? I would not even try.

To hearts on whom the light of love hath shone,—
To those whom love hath made his very own,—
To them, in synagogue, or church, or mosque,
Are hopes of Heaven and fear of Hell unknown.

IV

OF GOD

Some God within this mould my body cast,
Foreseeing all my acts, from first to last;
From Laws of His my sins have birth; so why
Need I be burned in fires, when life is past?

Priest, monk and sinner, we are all the same;
From water and from earth at first we came;
Of fame, or shame—whatever comes to us—
The honor is Thine own,—and Thine the blame.

Need He speak ill of such as you and I?
Or faults of ours by hundreds multiply?
His mirrors, we: All good and ill, in us,
Within Himself He surely must descry.

Along my path Thou layest many a snare,
And sayest: "I will trip thee, unaware."
Each atom of this world obeys Thy Law;
I, too, obey,—yet sin, for all my care.

Lay not too hard commands upon the soul;
How can it o'er the body win control?
To drink, or to abstain, is sin. In brief,
He says: "Invert, but do not spill, the bowl."

This whole, wide world hath gone in search of Thee,
But far astray, and in distress, are we.
We find Thee not; Thou speakest to deaf ears;
Thou art before us,—yet we cannot see.

Obedience is a pearl I ne'er did wear;
Ne'er swept I, with my heart, Thine altar-stair.
Still, of Thy mercy, (since complaints of mine
Ne'er wearied Thee), I do not yet despair.

In ceaseless strife, my passions war within,
And constant pain I bear, because of sin.

Though Thou mayst pardon all, I burn with shame
From knowing that Thou knowest what has been.

To me, obedience is a pearl unknown;
Thy face I have not sought, because mine own
Was dark with sin. Yet do I not despair;
For Thou, Thyself, art God, and Thou alone.

All human sin is naught, in Thy just sight;
Ordain that men may read this truth aright.

To see Iniquity's accomplice in
Divine Foreknowledge! That is folly's height.

Great Knower of each thought and secret thing,
To Whom all men, in time of weakness, cling!
Give me, I pray, repentance, Thy best gift;
Accept my late remorse, O Righteous King!

V

THE WHEEL OF FATE

That Tyrant Wheel, revolving overhead,
Ne'er loosed one knot, for living man or dead;
But when it finds a scarred and bleeding heart,
It adds another wound, more blood to shed.

O Tyrant Wheel! I chafe as thou dost turn.
Oh! set me free, for as thy slave I burn.
The fool and the unwise are favored most;
Then why not I, who have so much to learn?

Lift high your cups, like tulips in the spring;
With tulip-cheeked companions drink and sing.
Soon will this Azure Wheel, with one fell stroke,
Your shattered cup in flying fragments fling.

Dark Wheel! As inhumane as Great Ayaz,
Or Mighty Mahmud, thou hast slain, alas!
Thy myriads. Let us drink! Man's single life
Is quickly ended, and—'tis all he has.

VI

OF THINGS ETERNAL

From Earth's deep heart to Saturn's starry height
I sprang, and solved all problems in my flight;
I leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
And every knot—save Death's!—severed, quite.

Above the spheres, my heart, on that first day,
Strove hard to find where Hell and Heaven lay;
Till that Right-thinking Master said, at last:
"Seek both within thyself—for there are they."

Hell is the echoing cry of human grief,
And Heaven, the echoed sigh of pain's relief,—
Borne round this Earth, whereon men live and die,
Content or hopeless, in some vague belief.

All things were fixed, long since; the resting pen,
For good or ill, will never move again;
Himself predestined all, long, long ago,
And useless are the grief and strife of men.

Of countless millions, passed beyond the veil,
Not one has e'er returned to tell the tale.

To need, not pray'r, that secret will be shown.
Without firm faith, petitions can but fail.

Deep in the centre of the circling sphere,
There waits a cup for all who sojourn here.
Drink of it, gladly; 'twill be time to drink;
So murmur not when thine own end draws near.

I do not fear to die; I'd not forego
A better world, mayhap, than this below.
To Him who loaned it gladly I'll return
This life; and what comes then no man can know.





AN AMERICAN IN VENEZUELA

By B. Wilkins*

EARLY one Sunday morning about the first of last March, I stood upon the deck of the mail steamer, Red "D" Line, making the port of La Guaira, and for the first time, gazed in wonder and admiration under the spell of the majestic grandeur of the Andees, towering among the clouds, which was my first glimpse of the Venezuelan coast.

To an American, this view means more at this time than ever before, for the spirit of mercantile expansion is active and all pervading to-day; and as the mist lifted, and the ship glided up to the massive cement breakwater wharf, my mind was full of the historic

significance of the plot; for it was here that Americus Vespuccia voyaged, and his account of this magnificent coast line gave to our continent the name of "America."

But there was no time for historic reverie; the stern realities of the custom house were upon me, and the grandeur of the picturesque coast, suggesting not a Venice for which it was named, but rather a tropical Yosemite valley, was soon dissipated in keeping close watch of my dress suit case, to see that I received at least a comb and brush from the confiscatory designs of the official who had the keys in charge.

Terrace on terrace above us stretched the famous coffee plantations in all the lively verdure of May-time.

*Mr. Wilkins has recently returned from Venezuela, where he made extensive observations for "The National Magazine," to give these real facts to interest Americans. The photographs were secured by Mr. Wilkins personally.

MONUMENTAL ARCH COMMEMORATING
CONFEDERATION

for the rainy seasons were now past.

The higher the altitude, the better the coffee, and as I sat down under the tropical trees to drink a cool cup of the beverage, I could scarcely realize that I was so near to the Equator; and those white capped peaks in Ecuador almost directly under the equatorial line, whose eternal snows defy even the intensity of the tropical sun.

Roses and flowers were everywhere; birds of rich plumage; strange and beautiful shrubs; it was like a dream in fairy land, for only eight days be-

fore I had been fighting with the slush, and raw March winds of the northland.

I paid tribute to the English syndicate which built the cement breakwater. It cost forty cents to ride about forty seconds to the town, and none could pass without it. The surf rolls upon the breakwater with all the eternal restlessness of the Caribbean sea, for there is no harbor at La Guaira except that afforded by the breakwater and La Guaira is the seaport of Caracas, the capitol of the republic.

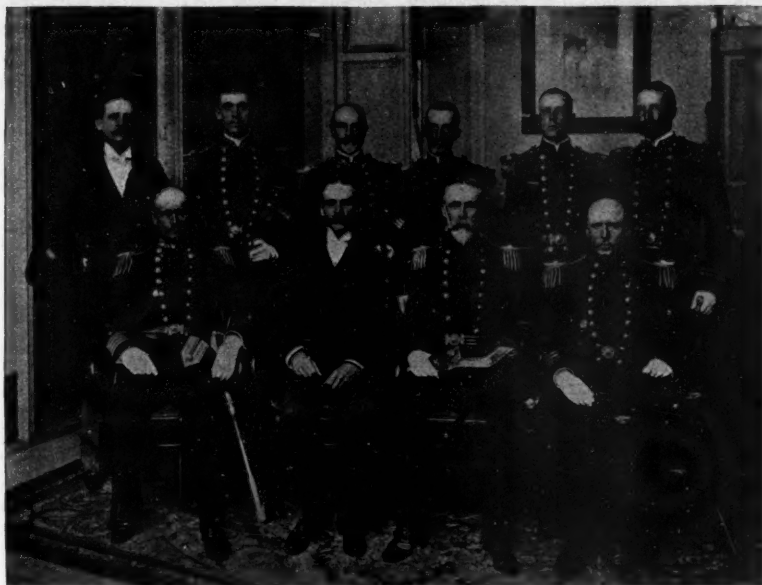
The ride by rail to Caracas is inspiring. The distance is only six miles, but it takes twenty-two miles of rails to cover it. Here again English capital has anchored, and German capital controls the extension from Caracas to Valencia.

Before I could enter the city, I was compelled to show a vaccination certificate, which I secured for \$2, without going to the annoyance of the operation. That Sunday there were 4000 people at the bull-fight where the beauty and chivalry of the republic showed to the best advantage. That assemblage expressed the acme of the

MAIN PATIO OF GRAN HOTEL, CARACAS



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND THE COMMANDERS OF HIS SQUADRON



pleasures of life in a South American republic.

At the Gran Hotel I continued those minute observations which every American traveler feels impelled to make, that he may utilize to the best advantage every minute of time. The great hewn-stone bath-tubs in the corridors of the hotel suggested unwonted cleanliness, and in the same breath the thought, "Yes, the American spirit of enterprise has been there." Electric lights and street cars were in evidence, and the pavements about the parks suggested the solid luxury of the Roman Empire, and Caracas is called the Paris of South America. There was nothing particularly distinctive about stores and shops. The Colonade is one huge department store, suggesting our Faneuil Hall Market, only dry goods instead of meats, owned by individual dealers. Every one seemed to take life easy, and an Amer-

ican was greeted everywhere with the greatest consideration, by both business men and natives; for the memory of what the United States did for their country in the boundary dispute is not forgotten.

I was present at the ball given in honor of Admiral Sampson, who was then in the port. The native women are exceedingly beautiful, and were nearly all gowned by Parisian modistes. They are especially erect, and have that innocent, confiding, guileless way, that always wins the heart of a man.

Bolivar, the great liberator of this northwestern section of South America, died a poor man, giving away even the fortune he possessed before he entered the struggle for the independence of his native country, while Blanco died in Paris, with \$15,000,000. Blanco tried to buy a historical nunnery, for a site for an opera house; but his offers were refused, and a short

time later he placed his artillery in position, took possession of the property, and built one of the handsomest in South America.

Strolling about in the moonlight on that Sunday evening of my arrival, I stood in the shadow of one of the most prominent statues in the park. The shimmering rays of the tropical moon

of Bolivar. Defeated, baffled in his great purpose, for the most part of his life, he was the first to begin the great work which the United States completed in banishing Spain from the western hemisphere.

In view of this, it is difficult to realize that there are only 250 Americans in the entire republic. With over 90,-

NEAR ZIG-ZAG, LA GUAYRA & CARACAS RAILWAY, SHOWING TRAIN CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN



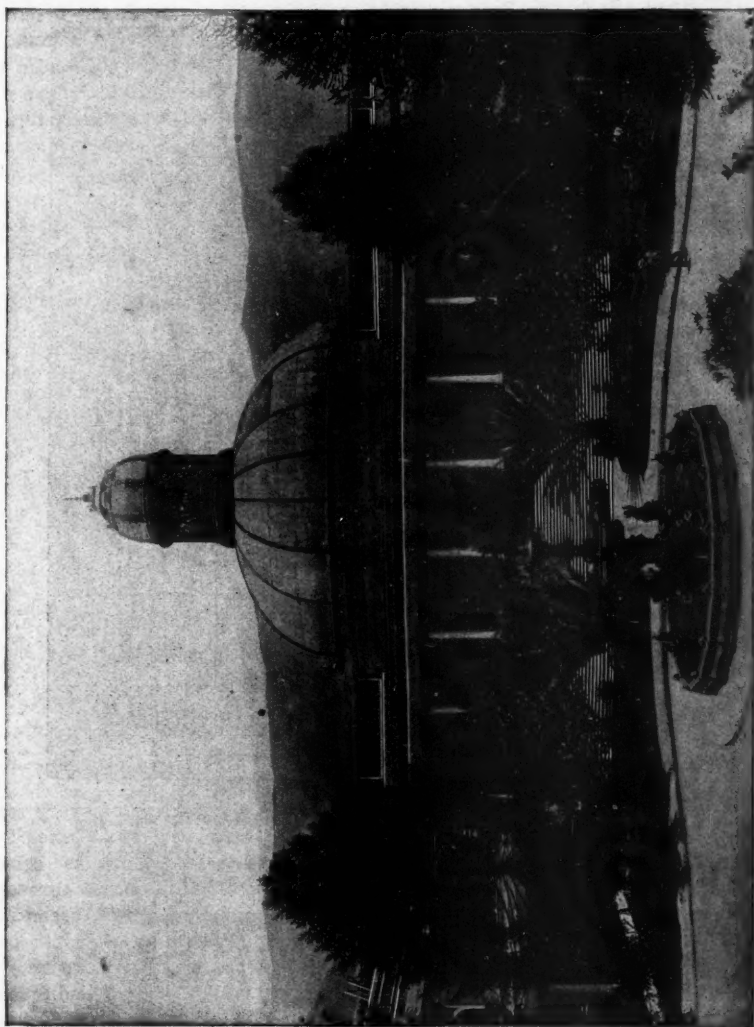
played upon the classic form and noble features of the statue, which seemed to awaken the reverence of the passers-by. I looked once—I looked twice—who was this to whom such adoration was paid? It was George Washington, and at the base were fresh wreaths of Venezuelan blossoms. Washington was the ideal of Bolivar, and it was through his influence that the statue was erected. History can never give full credit to the great achievements

of Bolivar. Defeated, baffled in his great purpose, for the most part of his life, he was the first to begin the great work which the United States completed in banishing Spain from the western hemisphere. In view of this, it is difficult to realize that there are only 250 Americans in the entire republic. With over 90,000 people, Caracas is the great field for American enterprise. The government buildings are all planned after the structures at Washington—of wood, with rough stone steps. They are located in beautiful grounds. The constitution and laws of the country are based upon those of the United States. The twelve provinces are represented by senators, and there is a representative for every 35,000 people. President Andrade, who has recently

come to this country, is a small man, about five feet tall, with blue eyes, and a shrewd diplomat. He is a most

Andrade's dwelling, a shell from a man-of-war is seen, with a band of silver around it, and bearing an inscrip

PATIO OF THE CAPITOLIO, CARACAS



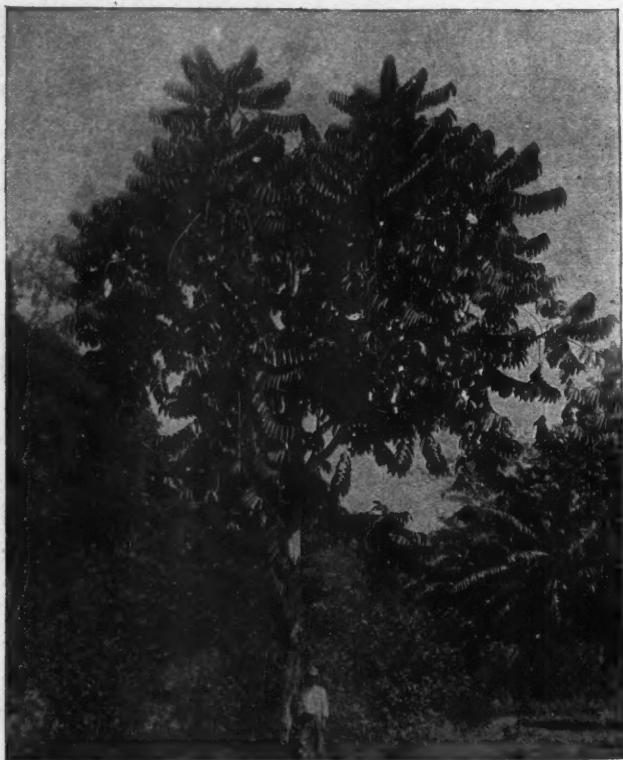
considerate man, and the day I was there he put aside all business, because of the illness of his child. On entering the spacious parlor of President

tion to the effect that it came from Santiago, and was a present from President McKinley in the exchange of presidential courtesies. The family

relations of the Venezuelans are exceedingly happy. The ladies do not go out on the streets alone, although

every one seems happy, and yet there is a seriousness in it all that suggests the smouldering revolutionary spirit,

CASTILLOA ELASTICA, RUBBER TREE



one wealthy young lady, educated in America, has defied this custom. I came down the steps of the president's house, around which there is always a strong guard in gold-laced uniforms, and heard the native band break down in trying to play "Red, White and Blue," in honor of Admiral Sampson, but the spirit was there. The band played exceptionally fine music in the evening, in the parks, where you can procure a chair for two cents, and drink native cocoa—without exception the finest in the world. At these times

which is the *bête noir* of every foreign resident, although the United States Minister, Mr. Loomis, has certainly made a wonderful record through all the troublous scenes of recent elections and revolutions.

The Venezuelan seems to be a mixture of Indian, Negro and Spaniard, varying in complexion from the perfectly white Caucasian type to nearly black in color. The early morning rolls and coffee, with breakfast at 11 a. m. and the inevitable siesta afterwards until 2 o'clock, indicates the easy

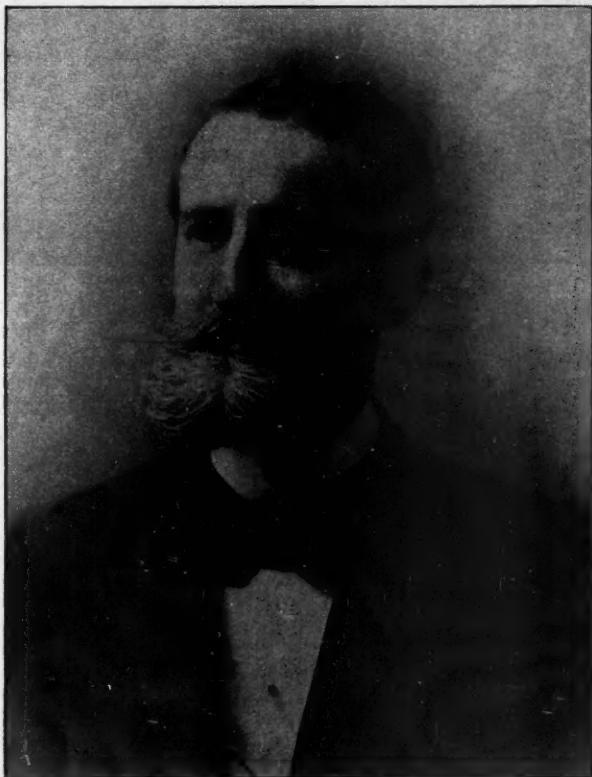
and indolent life of the tropics. Early in the afternoon, the streets are thronged with carriages and handsome equipages—everyone who can, drives out, and if not driving, ladies sit behind the iron-barred windows with their elbows on cushions in the window casements and watch the equipages and cavaliers as they pass.

A man who owns a cocoanut grove is independent, as the fruit continues to ripen all the year round, and brings a good price. Each tree averages an

opened, appears like lemonade, but later turns to the color of milk. Cotton grows wild from ten to twelve feet high near the lake of Valencia which rivals any of ours in the South, and as a stock raising country, Venezuela could supply the world with beef.

The parade given on the day of Sampson's arrival showed only a small regular army of less than 3,000 men in new uniforms. The control of this small Venezuelan army, however, is a very important factor

DR. BERNARDINO MOSQUERA, AT THE HEAD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



annual income of \$1.20. A popular and refreshing beverage is the juice of a green cocoanut, which, when first

in Venezuelan political strategy; and there are only two distinct classes, peons and politicians. The election of

CARACAS FROM OSERVATORY



members of congress occurs every four years. The representatives elect a counsel of eight, and these in turn choose a president, and this leaves a chance for the politicians after elections, which are only a matter of form.

No president can succeed himself—one term must intervene.

Crespo, when his term expired, tried to abrogate this, by getting up a revolution and putting it down, to demonstrate how important he was to the republic; but as he was killed, his well-laid plans miscarried and Andrade became president.

Dr. Hernandez had stumped the country and was virtually the choice of the people and a very popular man, but the troops with "Vote for Andrade" pinned on their caps, was a significant indication as to who would

be elected, no matter what the vote might be. Dr. Jose M. Hernandez was hustled into jail. Castro took up the Doctor's fight but also took his office of president, which he holds at this time, but since then Hernandez drew out with 2000 men and started a revolution on his own hook. All members of congress are called "Doctors," and each purposes to get enough money in his four years' term to last him a lifetime.

The chief resources of the government are from concessions, and import and export duties, as there is no land tax whatever. The average wages is \$1 per day; with American gold at 4 per cent and American greenbacks at one-half per cent premium.

The great national games are chess and checkers, and I saw but little card playing or gambling.

The mineral resources of the country consist of great mines of Bessemer iron and copper, and the gold and richer mines on the boundary occasioned the trouble with Great Britain. If there are any gold mines in the Klondike, Transvaal, or Venezuela, and England cannot get up a boundary question, there is something wrong.

The forests of mahogany and cedar are also a tempting plum, for only a few saw-mills are located in the republic, but in a short time the American lumbermen will make lumber an important export from Venezuela, and the government is making great efforts to secure American emigrants to develop the agricultural resources.

The cost of living may be indicated by the price of corn—fifty cents per bushel; eggs, fifty cents a dozen; butter, seventy-five cents per pound; and

potatoes four dollars per bushel; and yet, strange to say, all these products may be easily produced in Venezuela.

The policemen are an interesting study. They are attired as soldiers, and carry a sabre bayonet. At every hour of the night they give a peculiar musical whistle, meaning "All's well," which sounds like "Bob White's" peculiar cry, with a few notes added. In the old cathedral, now the Pantheon where Bolivar and the illustrious dead are buried, there are indications of native Venezuelan art, which flourished at one time under the influence of Velasquez, Murillo, and other Spanish masters.

The chief piece of money is the bolivar (about twenty cents), and for this amount I took a trip to the famous summer resort, Morotuto, to catch a glimpse of fashionable life. I took an

CARACAS FROM THE SOUTH



interpreter along, and wandered down the coast to a coffee estate, where the coffee is cleaned, hulled, and sacked for market. A few miles further on was a sugar plantation and refinery, which furnishes nearly all the granulated sugar for the republic. It was Holy Week, and in a lonely spot we came to a beautiful shrine. It was tastefully decorated, and inside there were candles and a box of matches. I could not understand why it was located there. A graceful Indian girl, with long, flowing hair, came along on horseback. She went inside and of-

SUGAR PLANTATION IN THE CARACAS VALLEY



fered her devotions, kissing the crucifix, and remounted her horse. We asked her why she did it.

"If I have a wish to make, it will be granted me, senor," she replied, smiling, and showing her beautiful teeth.

The next devotee, a peon, told us it was put in that particular lonely spot, where many murders had been committed, to keep away the evil spirit, and it had done so. Later on we met a crowd of peons who were celebrating "Good Friday" by hanging an effigy, with a cocoanut for a head. They surrounded us. The image represented Judas, and they wanted some money to help

celebrate the hanging of the apostate.

There were a large number of effigies near the hotel when we returned, and the *fete* begins when they are taken down and burned. The music from the great pipe organ on "Good Friday" week at the cathedral was inspiring. On the walls of the church is a painting half finished. The Venezuelan artist died in the midst of his labors and to honor his memory, no one has been allowed to complete the picture of the "Last Supper."

If there is any tradesman who would

flourish and prosper in Venezuela, it is the American barber. The methods of shaving are very primitive, but that is not the reason; it is because whiskers and hair grow about twice as fast as in our northern climate. I was compelled to shave morning and evening to be presentable, and at home I shave every other day, and fancy my surprise when the hair began to sprout on my head, which had been bald for 10! these many years. This is not fancy, but fact. I did not see a native who was bald and none are gray headed. It may be that the manner of living has something to do with it, but the fact is

a curious one to an American, nevertheless.

The traces of the great earthquake in 1812 are still visible in Caracas. A crevice, 200 or 300 feet wide, extends clear across the eastern part of the city. Water runs through it, and the sides are now overgrown with vegetation. Bridges span the crevices on various streets. When I expressed my horror of the earthquake and its fatalities, a shrewd native observed:

"Why should we fear earthquakes! You have more people killed in one year from cyclones and hurricanes in the United States."

The university is a large building, and the republic has a well-established school system, and with a more pronounced American influence it is not hard to predict that Venezuela will forge ahead to a prominent place in the galaxy of American republics. It is difficult to imagine that the town and country, invaded by Sir Francis Drake, in 1592, is now taking on Yankee renaissance in the dawn of the twentieth century. The country was discovered 500 years ago, but it has not kept pace with the times, and the needs of the human race on this earth, a century hence, will demand the utilization of waste places. Call this onward march of the world imperialism, or whatever you please, but America must fulfil its destiny of development. This continent has been spanned one

GENERAL CIPRIANO CASTRO



way, and why not the hemisphere the other way? The influence of America must be pre-eminent and potential in South America, if taken in time, and that is "the continent of the twentieth century," as Hezekiah Butterworth has well said. Every race has its destiny to fulfil, and if it does not take hold of its destiny when "within one day's journey," then wandering in the wilderness is the inevitable penalty.

A closer and more definite alliance with Venezuela is but the overture to a great epoch-making event, and the dream of Bolivar, the great liberator of South America, will be fulfilled in the spirit of Washington, his great ideal; and the Declaration of Independence in the liberty and prosperity of the human race in its truest and broadest sense will be realized.



A VISION OF THE DESERT

By Vance Thompson

PERE VOISIN, of the French mission, will tell you that when the Kabyle—lost in the desert—draws his cloak over his face and waits for death, there comes to him a vision of Tamgoutlalla-Khadidja—the Peak of the Lady. (Men of Cro-Magaon, who were the color of bistre, Iberians and dead Vascons; Guachos, Touaregs and Kabyles—the Peak of the Lady is the white mother of them all.) But when Zaid, the Amine of Taourirt-en-Taidith, brooded in the desert, he saw a stranger vision.

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Facqueral was as well known in Fort National as Wasserman himself—and Wasserman was the Cantinier. He had served his time in the Red Zouaves, and then, instead of taking flight for Paris—as any sensible Parisian would have done—he had taken a little farm on the hillside just above the Jesuit mission, and “settled down.” Farming, however, did not seem to occupy much of his time. Every other evening he was to be seen in Bitterman’s Cafe, playing dominoes, or gloomily listening to the gossip of the Fort—the quarrels of the Tirailleurs and the Zouaves, or sous-lieutenant Levy’s latest explosion of ill-temper. And twice a day—at seven in the morning and two in the afternoon—he came down to watch the drills. A cigarette between his lips, his old forage-cap on one side of his head, one hand in his jacket pocket and the other fretting his hard, little black mustache, Facqueral would lean against the wall, watching the regiments march and countermarch, while

sergeants and corporals raged and drums rumbled lightly. It was not an unphilosophical way of taking his pleasure. When the cart-horse is turned out to grass, he can find no better pleasure than watching his old mates toil along the highway.

The drill-grounds lie outside the walls of Fort National—a broad, dusty plain on the edge of the military road that stretches away to Tizi-Ouzon and Dellys. There were rarely any spectators at the morning drill. Sometimes Pere Voisin came down from the missions. Sometimes a few Kabyles, or Arabs on their way to the market, paused on the edge of the highway to watch the tirailleurs swarm up the fortifications, or the Zouaves bravely attack the thorny aloes; usually there was no one but Facqueral, sombre, silent, smoking his black cigarette.

One morning Pere Voisin caught him by the arm, shouted, “one, two, three, march!” and swung him round. Facqueral smiled.

“As you please, father,” he said; “but where are we going?”

“To the mission,” said Pere Voisin, “and breakfast.”

“Good,” said Facqueral.

“And to confession,” the old priest added.

And this time Facqueral had no answer ready.

They had turned off into a mule-path that twisted away under the cork-trees, and led to the door of the little stone mission house.

“Breakfast will come first,” said Pere Voisin, glancing down at the

young man—for Pere Voisin was a great, white-haired, kindly old giant of a man.

"And then the confession," said Facqueral, dolefully.

"Yes—the Paris mail came in last night."

"I know," said Facqueral; he threw away his cigarette and twisted up the corners of his little mustache with the resolute air of one who goes into battle.

It was not until they had finished the omelet and the salad, and were sipping their black coffee, that they returned to the subject. The Kabyle servant had left the room and they were alone. From where he sat Facqueral could look through the open door—just above him was his little farmstead with its stucco buildings, and beyond rose huge masses of the Djurdjura hills, and, high above them, the Peak of the Lady—one white glory—flashed in the morning light.

"The village is not in sight from here," said Pere Voisin.

"No," said Facqueral shortly.

"You have kept your word, my son? You have not been there? You have not seen her?"

"Not since she left, father—*je suis de parole*."

"I know it, Raoul—or you would not be my sister's son," the priest said, "but come, your father has answered my letter."

"I am to go home?"

"He has left that to me."

"He might have left it to me," said Facqueral gloomily, "but let me hear the letter."

Pere Voisin put on a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, sought through the letter until he found the passage he wanted and read:

"We had all hoped that Raoul was cured by this time—Alas! it is extra-

ordinary. That he should turn barbarian—at his age!"

"Is there any fixed age for turning barbarian?" the young man asked.

Pere Voisin read on:

"That a son of mine should wish to marry a barbarian—"

"Is there any reason why I should listen to all that again?" Facqueral asked drearily. "I have heard it so often."

"The interesting part is to come," said Pere Voisin, and went on:

"I used to boast that no one could be more Parisian than my poor Raoul—born in the Cite and baptized at Notre-Dame and learned his trade with Briquet, the jeweller of the Palais Royal—and now (it is very sad!) he turns barbarian! Of course, if he were a priest like you I could understand; then it would be noble; but at his age! Had his poor mother lived I am sure this would not have happened. Well, he must have his own way. He has had his share of his mother's fortune. The shop must go to his brothers, who are not guilty of—"

The priest paused:

"It's a tremendous charge," he said, and then read: "who are not guilty of *lese-societe*."

"I did not know that I was guilty of any disrespect to society," said Facqueral, "but perhaps I am—after this," he glanced through the open door, "the hills and the air of the hills and the friends I have here, I could not go back to Paris and the little shop in the Quai des Orfèvres—'tis no right life for a man to sit on a bench, a glass screwed in his eye, tinkering old watches."

"And then," Pere Voisin remarked, "there is Yamina."

"Above all there is Yamina," said Facqueral, "no one knows better than you how much I love her."

Pere Voisin folded up the letter and laid it aside.

"I know, I know," he said, "you have made me believe in you. And yet I mistrust this—Yamina does not belong to your world. Your father is right, Raoul. She is a barbarian. No—no listen to me. She is a good Christian, I know, but against a year of Christian training there is all her life of paganism—the influence of her tribe and of her race. She is a sweet Christian soul in the body of a pagan."

"You cannot understand," said Raoul helplessly, "what is the use of going over it all again? To me she is just Yamina, the woman I love. It is because she is just what she is that I love her. You cannot understand."

"No, I cannot understand," said the old priest thoughtfully, "there is part of life I have never known. I will oppose you no longer. I have tested you for many months. You have been faithful. I cannot doubt the sincerity of your love. And Yamina?"

"I have no fear," the young man said proudly, "I told her I would come for her—she is waiting."

"You have your father's consent and mine," said Pere Voisin. "I will see that the Military governor makes no objection to the marriage—if I can."

"What can he do?"

"He will not object if Zaid consents."

"The Amine of her village?"

"Yes, he is head of the tribe."

Facqueral snapped his fingers.

"Do you suppose I care that for the old Mohammedan?" he asked.

"If Zaid does not consent, the Military governor would not dare—not even he—to assist you. He will not risk a revolt for the sake of obliging an ex-Zouave, my dear Raoul."

"We'll get away to Algiers, to France, before he can hear of it," said Facqueral stoutly. "I have your consent—you promise to marry us—for the rest I shall take care myself."

"Nonsense, my son," Pere Voisin said, "you'd be in prison in a week. You must leave me to arrange matters with Zaid—he is an honorable man and my friend."

"I shall wait no longer," Raoul cried impatiently, "here for months I've been wandering about like a homeless dog, eating my heart out. I must see her. I shall go to her village to-day—"

"You will do nothing rash, my son?"

"Have I been rash, father? Have I not done everything you wished? The law says this, and the law says that. I did it. I had to wait for my father's consent. I waited. I have been patient, but now—"

He stood up and threw out his arms—

"I am going to Yamina."

"Perhaps you have done all I could ask," said the old priest, "you are a good lad, Raoul, but be careful—and to-morrow I will go to Zaid."

But Raoul was already running up the steep path that twisted up the hillside to the hamlet of Taourirt-en-Taidith, which is the Hill of the Dogs.

* * *

The girl was slight and dark. The touch of red paint on her cheeks gave her an air of barbaric coquetry. Silver rings shone in her ears and round her little ankles were tinkling bangles. She was clothed from head to foot in soft white linen. She went swiftly down the long deserted street to the village, past the great barren mosque, where the dogs quarreled for shade. At the far end of the village, was a long, cool, open djama, built of rough blocks of stone. It was quite empty, and the girl sat down on the stone bench within. From where she sat she could see far down the mountain-side—first Arba, where the market is, then the little French Mission on a tree-cluttered ridge, farther down

Fort National, and then farther still, the parched desert—a brown-grey blanket. By the shadow of the houses she knew the hour. The afternoon was wearing away. Soon the villagers would return from the market,—the men driving long, dusty lines of sheep and goats and asses; the hooded women carrying jars or cheeses done up in hides, or in the skins of Barbary apes—shot now and then, as they came pillaging the fig-orchards.

The girl waited, with a strange anxiety of hope and fear.

Two months before she had come back from the French mission and drawn the white haik over her face, like a Berber woman. Zaid, the chief of the village, had seen her; then for days the men of her house had bargained and argued, until the price had been fixed; and now at nightfall Zaid was to claim the wife he had bought. Once she had hoped for something else, and she had waited; but now she seemed to see all that her life must be—for a little while Zaid would smile on her and she would dance to please him; for a little while there would be sunlight and youth and tinkling bangles, and then another would take her place, and she would be sent to drag the plow in the olive-orchard, and labor with the beasts. There came to her a thought of all the women in all the years who had lived and suffered thus—the pity of it! She had seen the wives of the officers at the Fort. For them, she thought, life was a wonderful white garment of love. She could not understand—not even Pere Voisin could make her understand—why the old cruel law of her race must be laid upon her.

The shadows lengthened in front of the djama. She stared down the narrow road with anxious eyes. She was waiting for the miracle to happen. What miracle? Ah! that she did not

know. Perhaps one of the strange miracles of which she had heard at the mission—St. Michael with his sword, or some shining saint, all in silver and white, who should come swiftly to her aid.

"If it should be he," she whispered, suddenly; "if it should be he!"

A man came up the road, but she could not see very well for the shadow of the cork-trees; but somehow she knew it was he. He came swiftly up the hill, humming to himself some old song of the barracks. He was a straight and handsome young man, with black hair and a soldierly mustache and the light step of a Zouave.

At first the girl had started up as if to meet him; then she dropped her veil and waited. It was a moment before he saw her there in the shadow.

"Yamina," he cried; "that I should meet you here! Did your heart tell you I was coming? Did you know it?"

"I prayed you might come," the girl said, in the queer, precise French she had learned at the mission, "that you you might come to-day, Raoul, before it was too late."

He took one of her hands in his.

"Too late, dear! I do not understand what you mean. You knew I would come. I had to wait until I heard from France; but now"—he drew her close to him—"now, Yamina, no one can separate us. Ah, you knew I would come!"

She threw back the white veil from her face, and looked at him with happy eyes.

"Yes. I knew you would come," she said, softly. "My miracle!"

"And you did not doubt my love—in all these long weeks?"

"Had you not told me you loved me?" she replied. "No, I did not doubt; but it has been very long since Pere Voisin told me I must not see you—must not come back to the mis-

sion; but now—"her eyes said the rest.

They sat down side by side on the stone bench, and Facqueral held her hand lightly and said:

"Listen, dear, and I will tell you everything. It has been a long, sad time, has it not? but now the sadness is all done with. I had to get my father's consent. At first he refused, but Pere Voisin wrote to him and at last he consented. And now everything is clear. We shall be married by the laws of France—first at the Fort and then at the mission."

"But I am not French," said the girl, sadly.

"When you are my wife you will be a Frenchwoman—"

"Like the wives of the officers at the Fort?"

"Just the same, only a thousand times more beautiful."

But Yamina started up.

"To-morrow you shall be Madame Jacqueral;" and he laughed lightly, as lovers will.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Yamina; "oh, I had forgotten—the Amine!"

"The Amine," said Facqueral, "to be sure; I, too, had forgotten. But Pere Voisin is coming to ask his consent, and Zaid will not refuse him—they are friends."

"But you do not understand—you do not know," she cried; "Zaid has been to my father—he has claimed me for himself."

"He has claimed you!" Raoul cried, and then with quick, impulsive jealousy, he added: "and you would let him!"

"I? But what could I do? He has bought me, and—" she made a weary little gesture in which there was the pathetic resignation of the women of her race—the sad acquiescence in life, which is the heritage of the veiled woman.

Raoul drew her down on the seat and gathered her tenderly in his arms.

"Forgive me," he whispered, and kissed her gently; then for a moment he did not speak; he realized now how useless it would be to ask Zaid's consent, and without it he felt that even Pere Voisin could not help him; not all the power of France was great enough to take this one little maid away from her tribe if Zaid bade her stay. And yet he would never, never give her up.

If he could only reach Algiers! There he could take ship for Italy, and in a few hours they would be safe—beyond the reach of the Berber law and the law of France. He knew that a train left Fort National for Algiers that evening. There was yet time. By to-morrow, when Zaid returned, they would be far beyond reach.

"We must go, Yamina," he whispered, "at once—and very far. Will you come?"

"With you, Raoul?"

"With me, dear—to be my wife—"

To Yamina it seemed that the miracle had happened. St. Michael had not come, but *he* had come.

"I will go with you, my Raoul," she said, softly, "wherever you will—forever."

He stooped and kissed her face; then hand in hand they went down the narrow path under the darkening trees.

Up among the white masses and rocky domes of the Djurdjura the last sunlight shone, with fierce hints of red; the south was blocked with sombre clouds, and the wind fretted the tree-tops and whistled shrilly as it swept down the mountain.

.

On all sides stretched the desert—like yellow linen. The sun flamed steadily out of a cloudless sky. Where the springs of the Seffthi bubbled there was a little verdure, ten paces wide and thirty paces in length. Three

spindling palms grew there and cast a shade. Zaid's mare—prized above his creed—cropped daintily at the wiry grass. Now and then she peered at his face with eyes like a woman's, but he paid no heed. Huddled in his cloak he sat at the foot of the palm-tree, brooding. The eyes that looked out of his brown and bearded face were fixed on the far horizon, where the burnished sky met the copper sand. There was nothing to see but the glitter of this metal rim. Beyond it were the green folds of the foothills, the Fort and the French soldiers, the white-washed mission-house, and higher still, above the savage mountain stream, was the village; it almost seemed to him that he could see the sunlight on the mosque and the villagers gathered in the shade of the djama. The sun was still high. With fixed eyes Zaid stared out over the flickering sands. The horizon faded. And then he clearly saw the street of his village and the dogs quarreling at the door of the mosque. He saw a slight, girlish figure go swiftly down the deserted street—saw even the twinkle of silver round her ankles. He smiled gravely in his brown beard and whispered to himself:

"Allah, who made the pomegranate, give me my fate!
Give me Yamina with the dark eyelashes.
Allah, who made the fig and the date, give me my fate!
Give me Yamina with the little ankles."

It was the song he had made for Yamina. He watched her pass on into the shade of the djama. He saw her sitting, a white, slight figure, on the stone bench and he thought:

"She is thinking of her lover, the chief, as he comes to her across the desert; she is thinking of Zaid."

So clear to him was the vision that he could have counted the folds of Yamina's veil; so real that he could almost read the thought in her heart; and yet it seemed to be a vision in which there was no time—it raced past

him like a bird in the wind. He saw Yamina, and then, she was not alone—he saw a man approach her, and she laughed and ran to his arms; and aaid in hand they went down the hillside. Zaid did not breathe. His whole life was in his eyes. He saw the lovers laughing under the trees; and then—as an eagle stoops—he saw a black storm sweep down out of the south. Like a great flag the feathery snow flew out from the Peak of the Lady. Farther down where the snow rots in the hollows, the wind bred a tumult. Great ledges of snow slipped into the streams and the streams rattled it down. Of a sudden the rain fell—a dark torrent of rain. Zaid watched the streams racing down the mountain: he saw the tempest straining the tree-tops; and then the vision seemed to part that he might see Yamina and her lover. They were hurrying down the narrow road to the mission. He saw them running hand in hand in the darkness. The waters were tearing away the path beneath their feet. They came to the bridge, and hesitated—for the waters dragged fiercely at the shaking structure.

Zaid started up with a cry—a loud cry of warning. His heart was black with wrath, and with a joy more evil than anger, but Yamina, the jewel of his heart, he could not see her swept to death; could not see the vengeance of his God fall upon the woman who had fled from him, and the man who had robbed him. He knew the bridge—there upon the mountain where the gorge deepened—and he knew the footpath that led round it. She must not cross that bridge.

They came to the bridge. Again Zaid shouted out a loud warning, but his eyes were still fixed on that far horizon of shining metal, where the vision shaped itself for him.

Of a sudden Yamina caught her

lover by the hand. For a moment they disappeared from sight. Then Zaid saw them running down the foot-path, just as the bridge fell crashing. They stood for a moment as though dazed by the danger they had escaped; and he saw them hurry through the darkness and the rain.

The vision parted like a curtain; he saw them enter the warmth and light of the mission-house—he could see the candles flicker in the wind from the open door, the fire shining in the little stove; the old priest stretching out his kindly hand to the frightened girl. He could see the look of proud love on the young man's face, and it almost

seemed that he could hear him saying:

"She is to be mine, father—this little Yamina of my heart!"

The vision faded. Zaid looked about him vaguely. Over his head was the noonday sun. Round him on every side the metallic sands stretched away to meet the steel rim of the sky. His face was hard and grey. The mare cropped the wiry grass near by. Now and then she raised her head and peered at him with eyes like a woman's. But Zaid threw himself down in the spindling shadow of the palm-trees and covered his face with his cloak.

WHEN CANDLES GLEAMED

Eleanor stands at the ball to-night,
Pale pearls gleam in her dusky hair,
As long ago, by dim candle-light,
Her grandmother wore them, twined as fair.

Long ago in her white satin gown
Grandmamma stepped in the minuet.
She was the belle of the quaint old town,
And opened the ball with Lafayette.

They bowed and stepped and swayed to the lilt,
Of a stately, courtly old-world tune.
The light struck sparks from the burnished gilt
Of his epaulets. The yellow moon

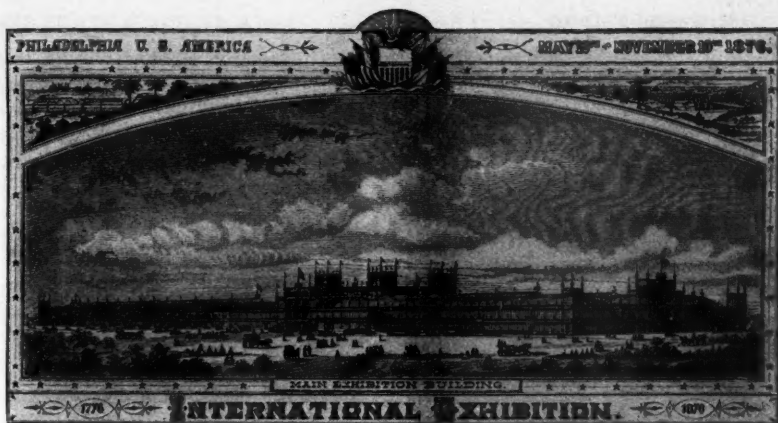
Through open windows stealing a glance
Glowed on her pearls and her happy face.
Shone on him, too, as oft in the dance,
He bowed with the true Parisian grace.

And at the end of the ball that night
With a stately bow he kissed her hand,
Whispering low in the gentle light,
"Thanks, fairest lady in all the land."

As I see Eleanor standing now,
Wearing the pearls that her grandmother wore,
I long to bend o'er her head and bow
Lafayette-like with the grace of yore.

Long to say in the hush of the tune,
Just what the Chevalier said that night,
Years gone by, in the shadowy room,
To her grandmamma, by candle light.

Alice Van Leer Carrick



REMINISCENCES OF THE CENTENNIAL

By Thomas Gold Alvord



HAT tricks memory plays us! How often as the stored up films of the brain are unwound by thought, the reverie is made strange by a picture long forgotten and seemingly out of all keeping with others on the roll. Recollections of the great exposition of 1876 should be of the national splendor there evinced; the marvelous displays of other lands; the wondrous beauty of it all. But, I see first a negative showing a swarthy oriental, radiant in a purple turban, flowing robes of silk and flashing jewels, who one morning found his pathway in the grounds disputed by some plain Americans. In their haste the visitors pushed the gorgeous vision off the walk. Shaking his fist at the rude disturbers of his dignity, the walking rainbow exclaimed in good

Celtic-Saxon, "Begorra, does ye take me for a real Turk?"

This is a strange thing to remember whenever the Centennial Exposition is spoken of, but such brain pictures are in colors and never fade. There are others taken at the time equally bright that come when called.

I recollect that a firm in Agricultural Hall had a lot of cards printed which they intended to put over their card cases in various parts of the hall, and on them was printed in large letters, "Take One." Some graceless wag stole the whole package and spying a magnificent display of fruits and pickles, from which the owner was at the moment absent, placed a ticket on each bottle and can, and then withdrew to observe the result. It was not long before the place was entirely stripped by the persons attracted by the generous invitation, and when the unlucky owner returned all that remained was the empty shelves over which were scattered the cards that told the story of his despoilation. The remembrance of the whole scene passes

The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced from rare prints, secured at much trouble and expense, and serve to show the great strides made in American progress in the past twenty-five years.

THE SPANISH BUILDING



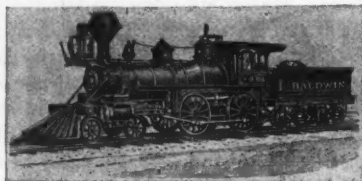
in review like a treasured dream. Seeing it was the great event in the youth of many, who to-day cannot realize that nearly a quarter of a century has gone since then. Its recent great successor, the World's Fair, is now a memory. There have been three such displays in our history—the New York Exposition in 1853; the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 and the Chicago Exposition in 1893. These were the seed, the bloom and the fruit of American desire to show the old world its progress in ingenuity and art.

THE EVOLUTION OF EXPOSITIONS

The first was a model to which the glory of the others is as the steamship of to-day to the boat of Fulton, or the perfected printing press to the device of Franklin. Comparisons, however, have no place in reveries. Nor do bare facts nor tiresome figures nor details, nor any of the data that statesmen love to find in encyclopedias and use in extemporaneous speeches. No

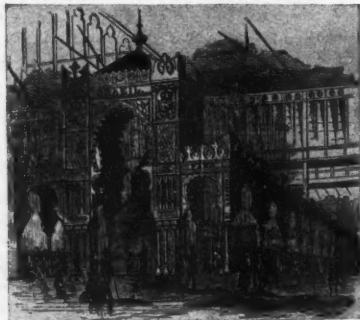
one can remember how much the buildings cost at the Centennial, the size of the Corliss engine, the weight of the great Rodman gun, the number of visitors, the miles of exhibits, the tons of sausage eaten or the amount of the gate receipts or who got them, but all who went there cannot forget the superb picture presented at the grounds, how it thrilled them as Americans and made them gloat over their foreign friends, how they slept two in a bed or three on a board placed over a bath-tub at \$5 a night, and expected to find Philadelphia paved with gold forever after. Not even a statesman can find these facts in a book of reference and it is only after twenty-three years that one who has to pass through Philadelphia now and then dares to refer to them.

THE ENGINE USED IN THE GROUNDS

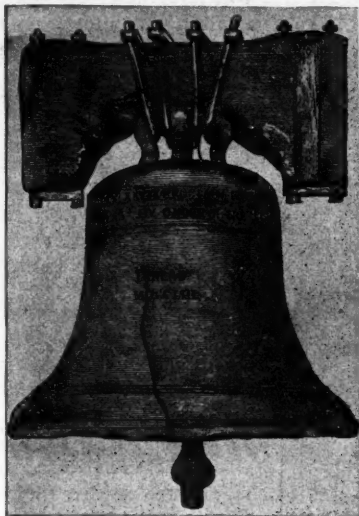


Even the atmosphere around the fair was charged. It contained something that made everybody feel that here was not a mere show of iron and steel, silk and cotton, cheese and pork, but a triumphant festival to celebrate the first century of our national existence. As such it will ever be remembered. When some one tells who

ENTRANCE TO THE BRAZILIAN COURT



OLD BELL OF INDEPENDENCE HALL



proposed such a celebration and proves it, that event should have another fair to commemorate it. At last accounts the still disputed authorship of the idea had been narrowed down by the sheer effect of time and exhaustion to four gentlemen: the Honorable John Bigelow, Colonel M. R. Muckle, General Charles B. Norton and Professor Campbell of Indiana. It is even now not safe to say more on this point. The suggestion of holding such a celebration in Philadelphia was a winning one because it was there that the Declaration of Independence was signed. After much popular agitation the Pennsylvania Legislature memorialized Congress, the late Senator Morrill presented the necessary bill, the United States Centennial Commission was organized and the city of Philadelphia set apart four hundred and fifty acres in Fairmont Park for the purpose. Here it was proposed to hold "An Industrial Exposition of arts, manufactures of the soil and mind, to be opened on the 19th day of October, 1876." All foreign countries were in-

vited to take part "In the interest of peace, civilization, domestic and international friendship and intercourse." Twenty-four such countries responded with exhibits, and twenty-three states subscribed some cash.

A THREATENED FINANCIAL FAILURE

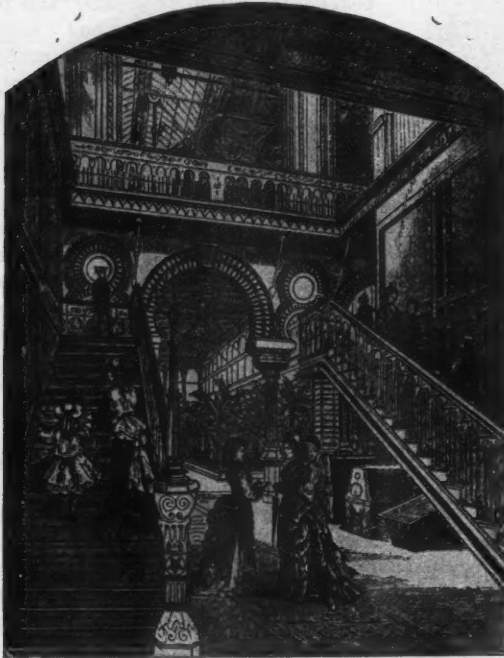
There was a great deal of trouble over the finances at first, for the panic of 1873 made the stock certificates sell very slowly. Failure seemed certain. All at once Philadelphia gave \$1,500,000, the state of Pennsylvania \$1,000,000 and Uncle Sam lent the managers \$1,500,000. This made the fair a success, and for once the government got its money back.

The opening day will never be forgotten by those who were in the crush. The pressure of visitors strained the suburbs for miles around. The city was buried in flags and banners. A Mississippi of strangers poured into the grounds and the stream was fed by excursion trains from all parts of the nation. Theodore Thomas began the ceremonies with a great orchestra and

IN THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT



STAIRWAY IN HORTICULTURAL HALL



gave his Centennial Inauguration March to a delighted multitude and the world when General Grant appeared on the grand stand and officially opened the exhibition. The stars and stripes shot to the peak of a tall staff, scores of foreign flags broke out on the buildings, a Chorus of Song burst forth, a hundred cannon roared, bells pealed, the machinery was set in motion, and the whole nation rejoiced that its festival had begun.

From that time until the close the Centennial Celebration, for so it was regarded by the people, was enjoyed by everyone who had money enough to go to Philadelphia or could borrow it to get there. Of the multitudinous exhibitions those in the French section, particularly the exhibits of porcelain, faience and majolica work, were unsurpassed. The silk display was

charming and the jewelry exhibit well illustrated the taste and ingenuity of Parisian workmen.

One of the most beautiful and unique exhibits which I remember to have seen was an alto-relievo, in butter, of "Iolanthe," the heroine of Hon. Edmund Phipps's lyric drama of that name. "Iolanthe" was the beautiful daughter of King Reve, and up to the age of sixteen was blind, yet unconscious of her infirmity. To her the world was all darkness, as those with whom she came in contact manifested neither by word or sign that they possessed an additional sense. She therefore remained in ignorance of her misfortune until her sight was suddenly restored by a surgical operation on the eve of her marriage with a prince.

Of the two centres of interest presented by the plot of the drama, the one converging about the dreaming princess, and the other indicated by the flood of emotion produced by the unexpected revelation of a new world, the artist of the exhibit chose the first.

The only tools made use of in the apparently difficult task of modelling in butter the expressive face and the bust were common butter paddles, cedar sticks, broom straws and camels'-hair pencils.

While strolling about the grounds one day I became weary, and was glad to seat myself in a great splint-bottomed chair in the new England log-house.

This, as its name implied, was built of logs, and wore an ancient aspect, which was well set off by the

more modern structures that surrounded it. The interior comprised two small, low-studded square rooms, which had an exceedingly antiquated look, and which were filled with old-fashioned furniture and Revolutionary relics.

The great open fireplace monopolized nearly all the one side of the front room, while the narrow and low windows and doors shared with a few wrinkled pictures and relics the other wall. From the ceiling depended strings of dried apples and peppers, ears of corn and other emblems of the olden time. Another spot that greatly interested me was the Hunter's Cabin, built of logs in the "salt-box" style, entirely open in front. It was not only a fac-simile of the abode of a Western hunter or trapper of the period, but within and around it were all the paraphernalia that a pushing and ingenious pioneer would be likely to provide. There were also several stalwart fellows—practical hunters—in the buckskin garb of their profession. They lounged on the rough log couch, smoked, cooked and ate with

sharp sticks for forks and with Arkansas tooth-picks—fourteen-inches long—for knives.

The Main Building, Machinery Hall, the Art Gallery, the Women's Pavilion, Horticulture Hall, the Agricultural display, had their admirers, and indeed there was enough to see in the 159 days in any one structure if it alone could be visited. The railway carried over three million passengers, and was one of the best features of the exhibition. It enabled one hundred thousand persons on a single day to go about without killing anybody, although the intense heat on certain days claimed many victims.

The bulk of the passenger traffic was controlled by the Pennsylvania railroad, then as now, one of the most perfect organizations of its kind in this country. By its main line visitors were brought from all parts of the West; by its New Jersey division came visitors from New York and the Eastern States. This road made extraordinary provision for transporting the great number of passengers, and the New York and Philadelphia branch ran

COOK'S WORLD'S TICKET OFFICE



VIEW IN THE MAIN BUILDING



two regular excursion trains daily, in addition to the usual service.

There was little disorder and as a rule room enough to very comfortably accommodate the daily average attendance of 81,000, which was greatly eclipsed at Chicago.

There was no question that the American people were proud of their Festival and thoroughly enjoyed it. That it did them good is equally certain. It brought the different parts of the country into closer touch and proved the advantages of international exhibitions by increased trade and commerce between states and with foreign lands.

AND NOW THE PARIS EXPOSITION

An exhibition of this kind is to be held next year in Paris. It behooves

this country to render it a grander occasion than were the French exhibitions of 1876 and 1889. The United States should rank next to France in the completeness and brilliancy of its exhibits, and volume of its attendance. After recent utterances in some foreign newspapers it is a splendid opportunity to produce a great moral effect and there is little doubt that the American people will respond with a warmth and liberality worthy of their record, their ambitions and their resources. Blood is indeed thicker than water, and it was French blood that made the "Centennial" possible. Without the help of Lafayette what would we have had to celebrate at Philadelphia and in all portions of a great nation on the fourth day of July?





When **S**anta **C**laus was but a boy
He didn't have a single toy,
No **N**oah's **A**rk or drum or sled -
But played with **P**olar **B**ears instead;
It must have been that way because
There was no grown-up **S**anta **C**laus.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS AND THEIR WRITERS

By Flynn Wayne



HE spirit of imperialism is upon the Anglo-Saxon race. We may as well confess it, and indissolubly connected with this wave of patriotic sentiment are our national songs. Who can estimate the power of the songs that have become as inseparable and fixed a part of our national life as the Constitution itself?

A book of more than ordinary interest is "Stories of Great National Songs,"* by Colonel Nicholas Smith. Music has had more to do in soothing the stormy and bitter passions of mankind, in elevating their thoughts, in exciting their sympathies, than any other of man's inventions, and the story of the origin of the best known national songs, with short biographical sketches of the writers and composers, cannot fail to appeal strongly to every person who is at all interested in the history of his country. The first American song dealt with is "Yankee Doodle."

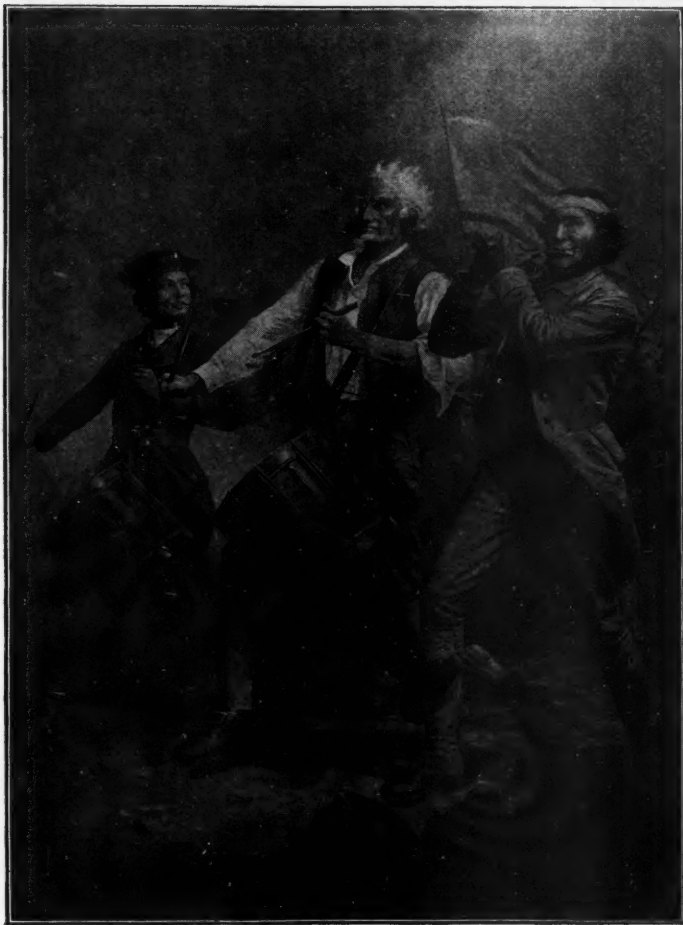
"The story of 'Yankee Doodle,' from the time it was brought to this country is definite, and absorbingly interesting. It has had a great mission. With all the derision that has been heaped upon it, it is none the less a great tune. When one hears the once ridiculed and rollicksome strains of 'Yankee Doodle,' let him cogitate the fact that it has been the marching tune of all the victorious armies of American patriots, and has such a universal sentiment and universal nation-

ality, that it will measure the tread of coming millions. It is one of the indestructible institutions of America. It has a character of its own—comical, rampant, 'rattle-brainish,' but with all its oddities, it has somehow entwined itself so closely about the national heart that one might as well try to rob the people of the American bicycle, or Bunker Hill, as this 'clattering, right-about-face, defiant battle march.'

"The tune was brought to this country in 1755, when the British were engaged in a war with the French and Indians. The story goes that the militia which were called to aid the British regular army were strangely clad in many colors, some wearing long coats, some short ones, and many having none of any kind to wear. In the British army was one Dr. Richard Shackburg, who not only mended shattered limbs, but was somewhat of a musician. One day he thought to play a joke upon the militia because of their grotesque figure and awkward manner, and with much mock solemnity he presented them the words and music of 'Yankee Doodle,' commending the tune as one of the most distinguished in martial music. The joke greatly pleased the well-dressed British officers, but as a joke it proved a stupendous failure, for the tune soon became the battle march of the Revolution. They who laugh last laugh best. The British officers would raise shouts of laughter when they heard the innocent and simple-minded militia play 'Yankee Doodle,' and the British bands would repeat it in derision of the colonists. This contemptuous use of the song by the English

* "Stories of Our Great National Songs," by Colonel Nicholas Smith. Price \$1.50. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee.

YANKEE DOODLE



From the painting by Willard, now in Abbott Hall, Marblehead, Mass.

army continued more than twenty years; then came the battle of Lexington, and by a strange irony of fate, the colonists made the British dance to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' The giving of the tune to the ill-circumstanced militia in mockery of their unfortunate appearance, was a prophetic piece of fun, for twenty-five years later Lord Cornwallis was forced to march to the

tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' when entering the lines of the same colonists to surrender his sword and his army to General Washington."

A short chapter is devoted to William Billings, the Charlestown tanner, who was a pioneer in the musical life of America, and who wrote many hymns and war songs at the time of the revolution.

"It can be justly said that Billings—the mixture of ludicrous, eccentric, commonplace, smart, honest, patriotic,

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Author of "The Star Spangled Banner"

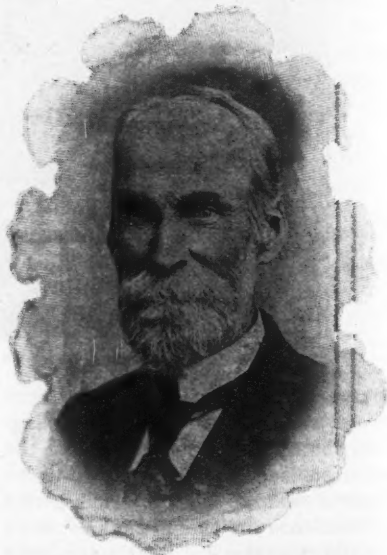


and religious elements'—did more for the musical advancement of New England, considering the condition of the times in which he lived, than any man who followed him. For one hundred and fifty years music in New England scarcely had a voice, until Billings came. We are told by Hezekiah Butterworth, long connected with the 'Youth's Companion,' that, like the prophet of old, he led the way of those who have made Boston a musical city. He was a man of surprising energy. He published several books of musical instruction, and six tune books, and nearly all the airs were his own composition. This zealous patriot, who was the first to teach the American people to sing anthems of praise and songs of victory, has been dead one century, and no monument, not so much as a simple stone slab, marks his resting place in a Boston graveyard.

"It was during this reign of partisanship that a theatre was opened in Philadelphia, and a benefit was to be given to a young man, Gilbert Fox by name, who had some talent as a singer. But the warlike condition of things threw discouragement on the undertaking. The singer was somewhat acquainted with Joseph Hopkinson, who was then a young lawyer, and calling upon him one Saturday afternoon in April, 1798, he earnestly pleaded with him to furnish a patriotic song which could be sung to the tune then known as the 'President's March,' composed in 1789 by a German professor in Philadelphia, named Phylo, alias Feyles, alias Thyla, alias Phy.a, alias Roth, and was first played at Trenton when Washington was on his way to New York to be inaugurated president. Mr. Hopkinson's sym-

WALTER KITTREDGE

Author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"



pathy for the young man induced him to write the words now recognized as 'Hail Columbia.' The two stanzas

which were more frequently used than any others are the following:

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS:

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the sacred prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fall.

"The song packed the house. It was called for again and again during the same performance, and at the finale the audience rose and lustily joined in the chorus, and the public heart was so profoundly touched by its patriotic sentiment that England and France sank before 'Hail Columbia.' The song evoked such universal interest that within a few nights after it was first given, President Adams and the heads of all the governmental departments attended the theater to hear the new-born song, and the enthusiasm was so intense that the singer was called out time and again."

"The Star Spangled Banner" was composed during the war of 1812, by Francis Scott Key, and the story of its origin is given in the following words:

"In the latter part of August, 1814,

Dr. William Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, was captured by Gen. Ross, of the British army, and held as a prisoner on the admiral's flagship, the 'Surprise.' The doctor was a personal friend of Francis Scott Key, then a young lawyer living at Baltimore. On the 2d

THE KEY MONUMENT, FREDERICK, MD.



of September, 1814, writing from Georgetown, to his mother, Mr. Key said: 'I am going to Baltimore in the morning to proceed in a flag vessel to Gen. Ross. Old Dr. Beanes, of Marlborough, is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off.' Key found the English fleet in Chesapeake Bay and was kindly received by Admiral Cochrane. But the enemy was about to make a combined attack

by sea and land upon Fort McHenry; and while Gen. Ross consented to the release of Dr. Beanes, it was stipulated that all of the American party over its gallant defenders. It was a hot, persistent fight, taxing the courage, the endurance, and the patriotism of the brave soldiers to the utmost.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"



should remain on the 'Surprise' until the fort was reduced.

"All during that eventful night, the 13th of September, the great guns of the fleet poured a blazing shower of shot and shell upon the fortress. Key, standing on the deck of the English ship, in the midst of the excitement of the terrific bombardment, could see at intervals, by the glare of the rocket and the flash of the cannon, the American flag waving victoriously

In the stirring enthusiasm of that supreme moment, and at the dawn's early light, when the Stars and Stripes rose above the smoke of conflict, and seemed to wave in triumph from the very battlements of heaven, Key wrote the song that should be as deathless as the flag itself.

"When some one demanded that it should be sung, one account says that Ferdinand Durang, an actor, being acquainted with an old English air

'To Anacreon in Heaven,' quickly made the proper adaptation, and, mounting a chair, sang the song with such voice and feeling as to throw the hearers into the wildest state of excitement. In four days it found its way on the stage, where it was received with spontaneous and unbounded enthusiasm. The song seems to have been pitched to the keynote of a screaming shell, and everywhere, in places of amusement, in camp, and in the home, it went straight to the popular heart.

"The old English tune, 'To Anacreon in Heaven,' with which 'The Star Spangled Banner' is inseparably associated, was composed in London, sometime between 1770 and 1775, by John Strafford Smith. He was a member of an aristocratic society called the 'Anacreonites, and the regular fortnightly meetings were always opened with the constitutional song, 'To Anacreon in Heaven.'

"Just four years after the flag was hauled down at Sumter, there was a memorable gathering at the same fort. It was on the very day Lincoln was assassinated. The self-same flag, shell-tattered in the bombardment of '61, was to be re-hoisted. Henry Ward Beecher was requested by the United States government to go to Sumter and deliver the oration. It was a day of victory for 'Old Glory.'

"One of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of war, showing the power of patriotic song, was that on the ramparts of Santiago, on that memorable

Friday, the 1st of July, 1898. I think it was in the Twenty-first regulars, that man after man was fast falling in blood and death before a blazing fire of Mauser bullets, when the soldiers, catching a fresh gleam of the flag at a critical moment, spontaneously began to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and its majestic strains so thrilled the souls of the men that they seemed to be nerved by some superhuman power to defy the storm of battle, and to win the victory that sealed the fate of Santiago."

Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the writer of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is the subject of an interesting sketch.

"Dr. Holmes said, a short time before his death, in 1894: 'Now, there's

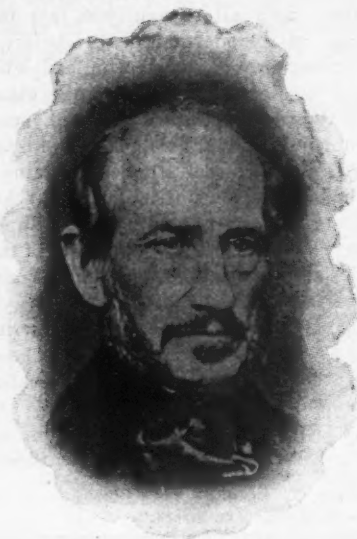
JULIA WARD HOWE

Author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Author of "Home, Sweet Home"



Smith. His name will be honored by every school child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." If he had said "Our Country" the hymn would not have been immortal, but that "My" was a masterpiece. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country.'

"Samuel F. Smith was born in Boston in 1808. He became a theological student, and was graduated from Andover Seminary in 1832. The story of the origin of the great national hymn is a simple one and has been many times repeated. In 1832 William C. Woodbridge, a friend of Dr. Smith's, who had been visiting Germany and the German schools, brought home with him a lot of German music books. Mr. Woodbridge gave the books to Lowell Mason, who was then giving vocal music an extraordinary impulse throughout New England; and after-

wards did more to raise the standard of American church music and make it popular than any other man who ever lived. But Mr. Mason, being unable to read German, turned the books over to Dr. Smith, remarking at the time that he would be pleased to have any poetical translation the young man saw proper to make. 'Turning over the leaves of the books one gloomy day in February, 1832,' said Dr. Smith, many years afterwards, 'I came across the air "God Save the King." I liked the music. I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour "America" was the result.

" 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' did not have a widespread popularity until the civil war began. It was found in a few hymn books, and was sung on stated occasions, but as a national song—as a special inspirer of patriotism—it did not stir the people in any impressive degree until the flag was shot down at Sumter. Since then it has been used more frequently than any other of the so-called national songs. It is recognized the world over as a great national hymn—beautifully simple in its poetry, rich in its patriotic sentiment, and vigorous enough to reflect the ennobling spirit of true American liberty.

"It is passing strange that a national hymn, beautiful and animating in its melody, should be so little known among the American people. Twelve or thirteen years ago, when that magnificent English steamship, the 'City of Berlin,' then commanded by Captain Watkins, was on a return trip from Liverpool, the captain presided at an entertainment given by the passengers for the benefit of the seamen's fund. One interesting feature of the program was the singing of national songs. 'God Save the Queen' was sung with

wonderful power and feeling, and then Captain Watkins suggested that 'America' should be sung out of courtesy to the many well-known Americans aboard. After an outburst of applause,

"My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,"

rose in full chorus. But at the close of the fourth line the words grew fainter and fainter, and when the end of the first verse was reached, only three voices were heard, and one of them was the gallant English captain striving bravely as best he could to sing what is called our national hymn, which the American passengers evidently could not sing.

"In 1889, 'The Christian Union,' since changed to 'The Outlook,' said that if the patriotism of the Americans is to be measured by their familiarity with the words of our national hymn, then some other motive than 'love of country' would save the nation were its freedom imperiled. It then gave the following striking incident: 'On Decoration day about one hundred women were assembled in the parlors of one of the women's clubs of New York. The first number on the program was the national hymn, to be sung by the audience. The first verse was sung, after the first two lines, with firmness, the interlude was played and the first chord to begin the second verse given. There was perfect silence, except from the piano, which was under the hands of a master. Again the chord was struck, when a venturesome soul struck wildly into the first line of the third verse. Each woman gained courage and began independently wherever she chanced to remember a word, and the verse was sung in what was practically Volapuk, for each mumbled the words to hide her ignorance of what the rest were singing.'

"The incidents that led up to the

making of 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' are as follows:

"In the fall of 1843, being then engaged as an actor at the Chestnut Street Theater in this city, I was waited upon by Mr. D. T. Shaw with the request that I would write him a song for his benefit night. He produced some patriotic lines, but I found them ungrammatical, and so deficient in measure as to be totally unfit to be adapted to music. We adjourned to the house of a friend and there I wrote the first two verses in pencil, and composed the melody on the piano. On reaching home, I added the third verse, wrote the symphonies and arrangements, made a fair copy, and gave it to Mr. Shaw, requesting him not to sell or give a copy. A few weeks later I left for New Orleans, and was much surprised to see a published copy, entitled 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' written, composed and sung by David T. Shaw; and arranged by T. a'Becket, Esq. On my return to Philadelphia, I waited upon Mr. Willig,

JAMES R. RANDALL

Author of "Maryland, My Maryland"



ALEXANDER C. ROSS

Author of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"



the publisher, who told me that he had purchased the song from Mr. Shaw. I produced the original copy in pencil, and claimed the copyright, which Mr. Willig admitted. I then made arrangements with Mr. T. Osborn to publish the song in partnership; and within a week it appeared under its proper title, 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' written and composed by T. a'Becket, and sung by D. T. Shaw. Mr. E. L. Davenport, the eminent actor, sang the song nightly in London for some weeks; it became very popular, and was published without authority under the title of 'Britannia, the Gem,' etc. I visited London in 1847, and found the song claimed as an English composition. (Perhaps it is, I being an Englishman by birth.) During my absence from America, the land of my adoption, Osborn failed in business, and the plates of the song were sold to Mr. Benteen, of Baltimore. Thus it went out of my possession, much to my regret and loss.

"When President Lincoln issued his second call for troops in the summer of 1861, the emergency had come when the Union army needed a battle cry of freedom, and George F. Root, living in Chicago, was deeply impressed with the mighty significance of the proclamation, and one afternoon he caught the spirit of the hour and there began to evolve in his mind the sentiment of a rallying song, and in an outburst of patriotic fervor there came the words and music of that soul-stirring and pulse-quickening battle hymn:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys."

"The next evening, says Mr. Root in his 'Story of a Musical Life,' the famous Lombard brothers—Jules and Frank—were to sing at a meeting to be held in the Chicago Court House square. Mr. Root gave them 'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' The magnificent voices of the brothers were electrifying; and in trumpet-like tones the refrain—

"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

spread as if impelled by some magic influence, and almost instantly the grand chorus rose in mighty music from the vast multitude. The song struck fire, and leaped into widespread popularity and usefulness. Only a few days after the song was written a monster war-meeting was held in Union Square, New York. The excitement ran high, and the emotion was intense. The Hutchinson family sang 'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' The immense throng of listeners were aroused to the highest pitch of exaltation of soul. The song was sung again and again, and the great audience caught up the refrain, and it proved a resistless force in swelling the ranks of the army. No other war song was sung with bolder patriotism or with a more triumphant passion of the soul. It seemed to mount up as if on the

wings of magic, and was carried over all the North, and into all camps where the Stars and Stripes floated. It was often ordered to be sung as the men marched into action; and more than once its strains rose on the battlefield to stimulate courage.

"There is a stirring illustration of how this song saved a battle, which I find in Brainard's 'Our War Songs, North and South.' During the terrible battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May, 1864, a brigade of the Ninth Army Corps, having broken the enemy's line by an assault, became exposed to a flank attack, and with heavy loss were driven back in disorder. They retreated but a few hundred yards, however, when they re-formed and again confronted the enemy. Just then some gallant fellow—an unknown hero—in the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, with a head filled with sense and a heart full of courage and song, began to sing:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

"The refrain was caught up by the entire regiment, and also by the regiments next in line. The air was filled with the crackle and smoke of the burning underbrush; the pitiful cries of the wounded, the rattle of musketry and the wild shouts of command, gave intense excitement to the scene; but above all, answering the exalted yell of the enemy, rose supreme the inspiring chorus—

"The Union, forever! hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
And we'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

"What an impressive example of the power of patriotic song in invoking from men, when charging in the very jaws of death, a resolute and singing spirit!

"As a piece of poetry, the 'Battle Cry of Freedom' may not have great

merit, but as an expression of patriotism it is beyond all price. It is great enough to gain enduring fame as a battle song; great enough for volunteers to sing on their marches from home in defense of the Union; great enough to be on their lips on going into battle; great enough to be associated with all the fierce struggles of the civil war; and great enough to be sung by ten thousand manly voices in a national convention that it might rouse enthusiasm for the peerless soldier of history.

"The story of the writing of the song 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' has been told many times, but for the edification of the rising generation of Americans, and others who will follow, it cannot be too often repeated. I can do no better than to reproduce a

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

Author of "Watch on the Rhine"



OLD SHADY

The famous singing cook



portion of an article written by Florence Howe Hall for the New York 'Independent,' September 22, 1898. In telling of 'The Building of a Nation's War Hymn,' she says:

"It was in December, 1861, that Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and other friends, visited Washington, itself almost in the condition of an armed camp. On their journey thither, "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps" gleamed in the darkness, the railroad being paroled by pickets. Mrs. Howe has told of the martial sights and sounds in the national capital, and of her drive to a distance of several miles from the city to see a review of our troops. An attack of the enemy interrupted the program, and the return drive was made through files of soldiers, who occupied almost the entire road. To beguile the tedium of their slow progress, Mrs. Howe and her friends sang army songs, among others, "John Brown's Body." This seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the interval crying out to us, "Good for you!" Our poet had often wished to write

words to be sung to this tune, and now, indeed, she "read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel."

"She slept quietly that night; but waking before dawn, found herself weaving together the lines of a poem, capable of being sung to the "John Brown" tune. Line after line, and verse after verse fell into place, and Mrs. Howe, fearing that they would fade from her mind, sprang out of bed, and in the gray half-light wrote down her verses, went back to bed and fell asleep again.

"When she returned to Boston she showed them to James T. Fields, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." He suggested the title, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and published them promptly. In the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1862, the poem is printed on the first page, but the name of the author is not mentioned; indeed, no names are appended to the table of contents. On the cover of this number the American flag is substituted for the usual design. It may interest practical people to learn that Mrs. Howe received five dollars for her poem.

"Unlike many of the songs of the civil war, it contains nothing sectional, nothing personal, nothing of a temporary character. Its author has repeated it to audiences without number, East, West, North and South. While we feel the beauty of the lines and their aspiration after freedom, even in the piping times of peace, it is only in time of storm and stress that their full meaning shines out. Written with intense feeling, they seem to burn and glow when our own emotions are aroused, as they have been of late."

"There is more mournful pathos in Dr. Root's 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' than any other of the thirty or more army songs he composed. The song whose sentiment was truly pathetic had a mission in the army as

well as the song of humor,—‘Wake, Nicodemus’—or the song of cheer—‘Rally Round the Flag.’ Dr. Root wrote for almost all the varied circumstances caused by the war, and he has written for all time as well. Some one has said, speaking of ‘Just Before the Battle, Mother,’ that ‘mother and sons are ever thinking of each other; there is always a war, a conflict, a battle, a triumph, a blessing somewhere, and Dr. Root caught its melody and gave it life.’

“The melody of ‘Marching Through Georgia’ has found its way into nearly every country of the globe. At a month’y dinner of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, given in New York City two or three years before General Sherman’s death, he related this amusing incident: ‘Wherever I go, not only in my own country, but in Europe, “Marching Through Georgia” pursues me. On one occasion, arriving at a Dublin hotel in a driving rain, I was congratulating myself that the weather was such as to preclude the possibility of the usual

HENRY C. WORK

Author of ‘Marching Through Georgia’



serenade, and drawing forth my writing materials, I addressed myself to my long-neglected correspondence. Scarcely had I gotten under way, however, when the strains of that infernal tune smote upon my ear. I sprang up, and, hustling into my uniform, stepped out upon the veranda. In the distance a band was approaching, followed by a number of men with guns on their shoulders. I advanced to the railing, and prepared for the pending ovation, but without a pause, or even a glance toward the spot where I stood, they went on “Marching Through Georgia.” It was a gunning club, so some one told me afterwards, going to a certain place to shoot at a target.”

Of the less known songs and writers of the War of the Rebellion, an account is given of the cook, “Old Shady,” who composed and sang the “Day of Jubilee;” also the account by Walter Kittredge of the origin of his song, “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.”

“I take this time to give you a little history of “Tenting on the Old Camp

DANIEL D. EMMETT
Author of “Dixie”



Ground." I wrote the words and music at the same time one evening, soon expecting to go down South to join the boys in blue, and I desired to have something to sing for them, as that had been my profession, giving concerts for a few years before the war. I think I wrote the song in tears, thinking of my wife and little daughter; but I was not accepted when examined by the physician. He thought I could do my part better to sing for Uncle Sam, so I kept writing and singing for Liberty and Union. The song was composed in 1863, and published by Ditson, Boston, in 1864.

"In all the war song books in which 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' is found, the authorship has been credited to 'Louis Lambert.' The reader will be surprised, perhaps, to know that this was the nom de plume of Patrick S. Gilmore, the great band-master and projector of the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1869 and 1872. The song was written in 1863, and its rousing refrain still gives it a hold on the ears of the people. There is such a rattling good quality in the music that it has found its way into several European countries where its use is very frequent."

By no means the least interesting biographical sketch in the book is that of John Howard Payne, the writer of "Home, Sweet Home," whose checkered career was full of sadness, but whose song brought the original publishers a profit of \$10,000, and secured for Miss M. Tree, who was the first person to sing it, a husband and a mansion filled with plenty. When Jenny Lind visited the United States in 1850 she, too, sang "Home, Sweet

Home," and the "Philadelphia Record" of that time gave an interesting account of the event: "No common poet ever received a more enviable compliment than was paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on her last visit to his native land. It was in the great national hall of the city of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—'Casta Diva,' the 'Flute Song,' the 'Bird Song,' and 'Greeting to America.' But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Daniel Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric."

The Southern songs are represented by "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," composed respectively by Daniel D. Emmet, the minstrel; James Ryder Randall, and Henry McCarthy. Short chapters are also devoted to Great Britain's national anthem, to the Marseillaise, and to the battle hymns of Germany. The book forms perhaps the most complete history of American war songs yet published and is a welcome addition to the literature dealing with that subject.



NED BRUCE'S TEMPER

By Octave Thanet



ALMOST any one would naturally stop and look over the trig fence at the farm-house behind the row of Lombardy poplars and the pink azaleas. There was neatness about the furrows, a fat, sleek contentment about the cattle in the pasture, and the brook under the willows was so pretty. Nevertheless, Adam Hull would have hurried past—for he was expecting to meet his wife at the station two miles away—had not a dog's howls smote his ears. He was a tender-hearted man with animals, and he stopped. His handsome, fair face darkened.

"Well, he *is* a mean man," he muttered, "if he ain't beating that dog I gave Aggie!"

But he reflected that the train would be due in half an hour and, shutting his ears, he lifted the reins. Yet he didn't go on. Instead, with a flushed and knitted brow, he sprang out of the wagon and ran into the yard. The dog's sharp yelps had trailed off into whimpering cries. He lay on the ground, and over him stood a man with a whip, who, in turn, was clasped in the arms of a young woman. She thrust her slight figure between the man and the trembling beast. "Whip us both, then!" she cried.

"Let go that dog!" the man said, not loudly, but with concentrated passion in his tones.

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make you."

"You coward!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, you mean, cruel coward!"

The man straightened himself up and, as he did so, shifted his whip from one hand to the other. Something flashed white when the right hand appeared again. "If you don't let go that dog and let me lick him for chasing chickens, I'll kill him!" said he.

The woman lifted her white face. "It isn't because he chased chickens that you want to kill him; it's because he loves me and I love him. You torment him to hurt *me*."

The man stood looking at her darkly. Adam hesitated. There were stories afloat about Ned Bruce's temper and his furious disregard of consequences when in a passion. "If he strikes her, I'll interfere, gun or no gun!" thought Adam, lingering in the shadow of the poplars.

He did not strike her; he flung out his arms in a gesture of anguish of anger, of rage dumb and impotent; then he strode away.

Only the sound of the woman's weeping and her broken words of pity and caressing to the dog, were heard. "I shall have to, poor Jump," she sobbed, "I can't bear to see him abuse you so, day after day! There's where he threw the hot water on you, just because you came into the kitchen. Poor Jump, good Jump! Oh, Jump, it won't hurt you if I kill you! It will be me, me that it will hurt!" The tears were flowing unrestrained while the dog strove to comfort a grief he did not comprehend, by wagging his tail and licking her face. Adam Hull stepped hastily forward. His wife afterward told him that he ought to

have pretended to come from outside, after a decent interval and plenty of warning noise; but he blundered in, choking with sympathy.

"Don't feel so bad, Aggie," cried he, "give ~~me~~ the dog; I'll take care of it!"

The woman lifted her pretty, tear-stained face and made a piteous effort at composure. "I am just as silly as I can be," she said, "Mr. Bruce wanted to whip him for chasing chickens, but I can't bear to have him punished, he howls so." She rose to her feet as she spoke, and arranged her disordered dress. Very pretty she looked as she stood there, in her thin gown with its crumpled roses, and her cheeks the color of the printed flowers. But Adam Hull was not thinking of her beauty. Rather ruefully he asked, "Does he chase chickens *bad*, Aggie?"

"No, he never chased them before to-day," answered she. And he did not notice that her tone had changed; it was colder and quieter. "I think it was a mistake and just for fun to-day, for he went around the yard with me, every day, and he never bothered anything. But he's just young and playful."

"I guess he won't bother the chickens." Adam nodded as if reassured. "He's the kind of dog a lady would get fond of, don't you think?" There was a note of irresolution in his voice, masked by cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes," said Aggie, eagerly, "she couldn't help it. He knows tricks."

Adam nodded again. "I guess you'd better let me take him home. I guess he sorter bothers Bruce."

Bruce, for his better convenience in thrashing the dog, had tied a rope to his collar; by that same rope Jump was led away, to be finally hoisted into Adam's wagon. Neither Adam nor Mrs. Bruce noticed that Bruce, behind the grape vines, directed a burning gaze on every motion.

Adam was now in a desperate hurry, and Agnes Bruce had no time for more than a single glance at the wistful eyes of the hound.

"Thank you, Adam," was all she said, to which Adam responded in an embarrassed way. "Oh, that's all right, Aggie. Ella will drop in sometime soon and tell you how he gets along."

Then she was watching the dust and the whirling wheel-spokes. Very soon she turned; there was supper to get in the house; the burden of her daily life sank more heavily, more hopelessly down on her shrinking shoulders.

"I'd like to steal Ned's pistol and shoot myself," she muttered, "I don't believe it would be wicked—the way things are."

She had begun to set the supper table, wondering drearily how she could ever have been so pleased as she was over the pretty table linen and the new china.

"That was before I was married," she thought. "Oh, if girls only knew!"

But, in general, her state of mind too stunned for even silent words. She crawled about the room and, half of instinct, repeated every tidy, usual motion, in preparing the table. Once or twice her mind strayed dully after Adam, but his presence, that had once been the center of a young girl's romance, failed to move her now. "He was afraid of Ned," she thought, "and he was afraid his wife wouldn't like Jump. He never really cared for me. I wish I never had seen him. Maybe then I wouldn't have married Ned!"

Dizzily her thoughts crawled backwards through her husband's courtship. First, it was Adam came to see her, driving out from the village, where he kept a store, to her father's farm. Those handsome greys that he was driving to-day used to know the

way to Alfred Robbins' gate well enough to traverse it in the dark. One day he brought her a hound with long ears and beamy, dark eyes, so swift and agile of limb that Aggie called him Jump. More than once he brought her candy of a choicer sort than he sold in the store, the boxes decked with paper lace and a flattened pair of tin tongs, to Aggie a truly sumptuous offering.

Aggie's mother went about among the neighbors, incidentally mentioning Hull's presence in the house and his gifts to Aggie. The girl never remembered seeing her mother so cheerful. Mrs. Robbins was a gaunt woman with more wrinkles than her years needed, an anxious eye and a stoop of the shoulders. By unrelenting energy she had kept a thriftless husband's head above water; and unwelcome as every one save the eldest had been, she had loved and tended all her great family. Aggie, however, was her idol, and to have Aggie marry well, marry a man who could "do for her," as she expressed it, was the one vivid hope in her colorless life.

Aggie was nineteen, teaching school, and flinging her meager salary into the hole of the family expenses. To nineteen the first lover who has straight eyes and a good coat on his back is gilded by romance into a hero.

Aggie regarded Adam's narrow shoulders, untanned cheeks and white hands with admiration; she saw how kind was his nature; and she had no doubt that she loved him.

But one Sunday night Adam did not come. Instead, Ned Bruce, who was her father's landlord, followed him into the kitchen. His dark face flushed as he greeted Aggie.

"What's the matter with him," thought Aggie, carelessly. But he was a lenient landlord, and she bestirred herself to help entertain him, although her ears ached, straining

after every sound outside, which might be twisted into the rattle of wheels. Bruce laughed at her girlish pleasantries. He seemed uncommonly interested in her scholars. After a while, to do honor to the guest, a plate of apples was brought up; and Aggie's mother praised a certain tree in Bruce's orchard.

"They do taste good," said Bruce. "Say, Mrs. Robbins, let me send you over a barrel to-morrow."

The children's eyes were all shining. Each had been provided with half an apple, which was rapidly disappearing. Mrs. Robbins said she wouldn't have children eat much just before they went to bed, there was nothing so unhealthy. The oldest boy sat near Bruce and furtively smoothed the fur cuffs of his overcoat. "I like you," he said shyly.

The speech made Bruce redder again. "Well, that makes it even," he said, "for I like *you*." But he looked up and smiled at Aggie.

The next day the barrel of apples came. Casually, also, Bruce gave little Jonas a new pocket-knife with more blades in it than any Robbins boy had ever seen. Jonas was sure he was "an awful nice man," and frankly demanded of his sister why she wouldn't marry him instead of Adam.

"I'm not expecting to marry either of them," replied Aggie, tartly. Nevertheless, she experienced a certain gratitude toward Bruce because he had diverted her mother's thoughts from Adam's absence. She winced at the thought of her mother's disappointment. In fact, she suffered more from the dread of that than from any wound in her own heart.

Since she was ten years old she had been her mother's confidant. She knew every small economy that was practised in the household. It was she who declined the meat always at

supper. Meat made her have bad dreams.

"Well, I don't see what's become of Adam," Mrs. Robbins did say a few times during the next fortnight, "seems to me he acts awful queer." But before the fortnight was over an interview with Bruce had changed her approbation of Adam into irritated dread. She only feared now that Aggie cared for him, and she heard with actual relief of his attentions to Ella Rhodes.

"They do say," she told Aggie, "as how he has been courting Ella for a year, but they had a tiff of some sort and they've just made it up. Mrs. Martin told me. I'm 'bout sure she jist wanted to be hateful. But I matched her. 'He's been awful attentive to Aggie,' says I, 'but I guess it was only tryin' to keep his mind took up. I *hope* so,' says I, 'seein' how Aggie has another beau she likes better—'"

Aggie's delicate cheek grew hot. "But you know I ain't, ma—"

"I know you *have*, Aggie. Ned Bruce spoke to me 'bout you this week, and he's a man Adam can't hold a candle to. Look at the way he's done that farm since his pa died! He owns two big farms and our little one, and there ain't a more respected man. He could go to the legislature any day if he'd only turn democrat."

Two months later Aggie married Bruce. To-day the first months of her married life were passing before her, unformed and shapeless, here a mist, there a startlingly vivid scene. "He was good to me, for a while," she said to herself, "but then, they always are, they say, at first."

He was "awful kind," he really was, until that day he came back from town full of the gossip he had heard about her and Adam. He asked her about it and he asked in such a tone that she grew angry. And then—she had heard

Ned had a temper, but she did not know what the words meant.

On the table stood the pretty cups and saucers, sent her by Adam for a wedding present. One by one, her husband hurled them savagely at the empty stove. She started up to save them, but he held her at arm's length with one iron hand, while the other wrecked cup after cup.

It was just as he turned away, the last saucer gone, that Jump crept into the room. A snarl, like a wild beast's escaped Bruce. "He gave him to you that's why you're so everlastingly fond of that d—d dog," he yelled. Remembering, Aggie put her hands before her eyes, as if thus she could shut out the vision of the rage-distorted face of her husband, the brutal motion of his foot and the hound's body flying through the window.

That was the first outburst. She was too angry to reason. She locked herself in her room. He did not come to it; maybe because he had read the note she left down stairs. Did she perchance hope that he would disregard her hot words and plead for forgiveness? If so, she was disappointed. When she came down to breakfast she found the fire lighted and the milk strained as usual; and he was standing, very tall and strange-looking, by the kitchen table.

"I just wanted to say one word to you," said he, not raising his eyes, glowering at the buckle of her belt. "You don't need to lock your door; I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole, now I know you think more of another man than you do of me!"

Aggie's lips parted; yet she did not speak. She did think more of Adam, who was always so kind to beasts, than of this torturer of her dog. And while she hesitated, he darted at her one strange, tormented look and strode away.

Then began a woeful life. Ned threw himself doggedly into work. Most of the time he did not speak to her at all; but occasionally an access of anger would possess him, making him almost like a maniac. He never laid his hand on her, but once he cruelly flogged Jump because he would not go back to the house at his command. Another time he flung boiling water on the dog for coming into the kitchen with muddy feet. He had said, the last time, that he didn't mean to hit the dog. The first time his only remark was, "That'll teach him to mind, next time."

Yet he was not always unkind, though never pleasant and gentle any more. One day she found a great box on the table, and, ranged beside it, a row of cups of the exact pattern and size of those that had been broken. A note was open on one of the cups. It read:

"These are as good as those that fellow gave. I would have got them sooner, but they had to send away for them."

Aggie had experienced a movement of forgiveness, almost of attraction towards him. But at supper, he bore the same lowering brow and rigid mouth that she had learned to fear, and her carefully studied words of kindness ebbed away from her lips, as birds fly at the sight of a hunter's gun. Her hand held the new tea cup toward him, trembling.

"I'm obliged for the cups," she said. Fear made her voice cold.

"That's all right," said he. In a minute he added, "did you count them?"

"No," faltered she.

"There's two extry for those there, holding flowers," said he, "and I want them."

"Why, Ned," she asked, "what's the harm of keeping them?"

"No harm, maybe; its just my little notion." So saying, he made two strides to the window where pansies bloomed in a tea-cup lacking only a handle, and a saucer with but a slight nick; cup and saucer he took up in his hand. First, he dropped the cup on the newspaper which she saw had been spread on the floor, and ground his heel into plant and china until they were a shapeless mass; next, he flung down the saucer to splinter it, in the same fashion. Something in his face, in his cold fury, frightened his wife. She was silent.

"I don't want any of that d—d fool's truck around!" said he, sitting down at the table. He ate in morose dumbness; but she noticed—what she might have noticed before, had she been older or less absorbed in the tumult of her own feelings—that he showed her a certain deference and observance. Her plate was never empty that he did not proffer something to refill it. He lifted the heavy tea-kettle and poured the water into the dish-pan after supper. He carried the pans of milk into the ice-house where they were kept. He always filled the ice-box in the pantry and the wood-box in the kitchen. And until to-day she had at least kept her domestic misery to herself. In one respect, too, her husband had not disappointed her; his kindness to her people was all that she had hoped it would be, and more. There had gone over to the farm, where her father lived rent free, a continual overflow from Bruce's plenty. Jonas had a colt of his own. Her mother had Brahmas and Plymouth Rock fowls among the barnyard plebians of the leaner days. She never wore, but continually gloried in, a black silk bought by her son-in-law. Every time Aggie saw her mother's face, with its new look of placid satisfaction, she resolved afresh not to complain. And Bruce had

helped her. Did Mrs. Robbins come, he would always detain her for the next meal. During the meal he might be grave, but he was neither cross nor sullen; and sometimes he spoke to Aggie almost in his old manner.

"There ain't no need of pestering the old lady with our bickerings," he said.

Afterwards, she wished she had thanked him for showing her that much consideration, but at the time her misery choked her.

Trivial incidents of the same sort thronged on her. "It seems as if he wasn't *all* bad," she thought, "but then—he can be so hateful, and what will I do if he should be cruel to—"

Even at the thought the poor child broke down and sobbed. "O! what shall I do—what shall I do?" she moaned over and over. "I am so frightened. Oh, I hope I'll die! Oh, Lord, I've tried to be a good girl. *Please* let me die!"

She got up, restless in her agony, and began to walk the floor. As she passed the window, the picture outside froze her into a statue of chill fright. A peaceful picture a stranger might have called it,—the old-fashioned garden flooded with tranquil evening light, and darkly shaped against the glow, his figure rimmed by the setting sun, a man leaning on an axe-handle. Over the fence clambered a dog with a weight dangling at his heels. The weight—which was such as is used to hold gentle horses—caught on the fence and kept the dog captive, writhing and howling. Aggie understood it all in a flash. Adam was waiting for the train, and Jump had dragged his weight all the way home. Her heart was in her ears, pounding her breath away, as she looked at the faithful, meek creature struggling to crawl up to the feet of the man with the axe.

"He'll kill him! He said he would kill him!" she muttered. Useless as she knew her intercession to be, she tottered to the door—and stopped.

A most amazing thing had happened. The axe lay on the ground and Ned was patting Jump's head. His hand slipped down to the dog's neck—Jump all the time wagging his tail so violently Aggie could hear the thumps on the ground—and strap and collar fell together.

Bruce waved his hand, saying something at which the hound bounded away, to burst through the spring door and jump joyously on his mistress.

The man remained, his head sunk on his breast, in the attitude of one pondering deeply. At last he shook himself and walked briskly up to his own door. He entered but did not come into the dining room, going directly up stairs. She could hear him moving about in the room which he occupied.

What did it mean? What would he do next? Memories stirred in her heart of the days when he had been kind, when she had not shrunk from him, when even a timid affection and a pride that was very sweet, in his manly strength and daring, had begun to console her. She brushed away thoughts and visions; she cried out that she hated him, had always hated him; but his eyes would seem to shine again as they had once or twice; she felt a kiss, timid as passionate, on her hair, and, in a mixture of feelings she could not understand, found the tears rolling down her cheeks. His step aroused her. He was passing through the hall. Hastily she dried her eyes. He did not come in. She saw him going through the yard, wearing the good clothes he always wore to town. "He is going to town; I am glad. I *am* glad!" said she. And as she rose and went again to the window she repeated "I *am* glad. I wish he'd stay."

But in a minute she had left the window and gone out on the piazza to ring the bell. "He ought to have something to eat before he goes,"—so she excused her action to herself.

He was half way to the barn, where a hail had stopped him. Behind the honeysuckle, Aggie, unseen herself, could see Adam Hull's horses trotting up to the gate. In the wagon beside Adam sat his wife, shielding her new blue tailor suit with her husband's linen duster, and slipping her arms out of the duster as she drew in sight of the house.

"*She* will have to know!" thought the poor wife. She lingered and did not step out; though why she waited she hardly knew. Bruce stepped up to the wagon. He spoke with perfect calmness and civility.

"I was just going to hunt you up, Hull. Good evening, Mrs. Hull." He removed his hat. "Say, Hull, the dog you took came back, and I was glad enough to see him. I got in one of my damn-fool tempers at him for chasing a little sick chicken that's a pet and follows me about; and I wanted to cut the heart out of him. My wife punished me just right by giving him away. But I guess she punished herself, too, and, anyhow, when the feller came back and, you might say, begged my pardon, I felt all-fired cheap—"

"Did he get back?" cried Mrs. Hull. "I told Adam that was where he'd gone."

"Yes, ma'am. He came back with the weight on him—couldn't keep him; and the happiest dog you ever saw to get back! Now, that's what I'm coming to. I'd like to buy that dog of you, Hull. I've a Hereford calf—"

Adam interposed hastily, with the warmth of a much relieved man. "Oh, take him, you're welcome—you see, we keep chickens, too."

"We wouldn't have him for a gift if you ain't going to hurt him," chimed in Mrs. Hull.

"I shall never lick him again," said Bruce very sternly. "but look here, you've got to take that Hereford calf. Your wife can take it if you won't. Say, Mrs. Hull, just come over to the barn and look at it, once!"

Adam Hull wondered if he had dreamed of the violent passions of husband and wife, when he heard Ned Bruce asking his own wife to stay to supper, and calling Aggie to come out and help them keep them; and Aggie prettily seconding the invitation. "I guess they ain't so mad at each other, after all," he reflected.

But his shrewder wife noticed Aggie's stired eyelids, and said to herself, "Hump, Ned Bruce may be awful nice, now; but I've heard of his temper before; I'm glad he ain't *my* husband."

She accepted the calf, which Adam had fain declined; but she would not stay to supper. Ned and his wife ate the meal alone and almost in total silence. Neither of them had any appetite. After supper, Ned, as usual, filled Aggie's dishpans and then went out in the yard. He was gone so long that the dishes were washed and his wife's brown head was bent over her sewing, in a white halo of lamp-light, when he stood on the threshold.

He looked at her thus for a few moments,—his handsome, dark face working,—before he entered. He did not notice, being strongly moved, that she thrust her work into the basket near her; but he did notice her frightened eyes and how she half rose at his entrance as if for a stranger. His mouth quivered a little. But when he spoke his voice was gentle and sad. "Aggie," said he, "when I get mad I don't know what I'm doing; and I got mad at Jump. I was angry at other things, too. I—aint—I ain't so angry now."

I'm sorry. I bought the dog back from Hull. He ain't Hull's dog any more, he's *mine*. Will you take him for a present from *me*? I'll never lick him again. *Will you?*"

Aggie did not look up yet. "Yes, Ned," she said, and she added a timid "thank you."

"That's all right. May I sit down here a minute? What's that you got there, sewing?" He only said it to make talk, he was so embarrassed, this young husband before his estranged wife.

Before she could interpose, he pulled the dainty bit of silk and flannel out of the basket. His face changed; his eyes flashed from his hand to her crimsoning face. Slowly the red dyed his own face. He could not speak; but she bent her head and, not raising it, she lifted the basket and pushed it in front of him.

"Wait—wait a minute," he gasped, "I—I can't—I'll be back pretty soon."

Then she was alone and he had rushed out into the night. She did not know how he felt; she did not know how she felt herself; but suddenly she found herself at the door calling his name. More than once she called before he came.

"Don't you be running and hollering and exciting yourself," he said, as he came up the steps, and he stood back until she should enter the house. He handed her a chair, but he remained on his feet and, during the conversation that followed, sometimes he would walk up and down and sometimes lean over the back of the empty chair in which he had sat, and sometimes talk with his back to her, staring out of the window,—in all postures or motions showing an agitation that was plain likewise in his pallid face and somber eyes and knitted brow, with the wet black hair dropping over it.

"Aggie, I've got to talk to you. I

ain't much hope it will make you feel kindly to me, but I've got to try to make you feel you don't need to be afraid of me like you are. You don't know how I feel, Aggie. I've got to begin at the beginning. Aggie, I've been getting fonder and fonder of you for a year. You thought it was business; that I came over just for a few minutes just to see your father. It wasn't; it was you. And at last I made up my mind I'd try to marry you. I knew Hull was waiting on you, but I didn't care; you had a right to choose your own beau. And I came and you married me. I knew you had done it as much because I could help out your family as because you liked me; but I hoped you'd get to like me. Sometimes—at first"—he turned his black eyes, which were soft and wistful now, for a single glance at her—"it seemed like you *were* fond of me. Oh, Aggie, couldn't you *see* I loved you then? I loved you so much I was 'fraid of you. But I did tell you, sometimes. I was so happy. You see, since mother died I never had anybody to love me and I didn't know how to say things to women folks. Mother thought everything of me, but she never petted me; I used to wish she would. And of course I know lots of men and I get along all right with them, if I do get mad and charge around some. But I didn't know how to handle women folks. I used to ask your mother about what things you'd like to have, and then I'd hustle 'till I got them—"

"You were always generous, Ned, everybody said that," Aggie said.

"But they all said, too, I had a devil of a temper. That's true. That's what's making me feel fit to kill myself, I'm so d—d miserable—"

"Oh, Ned!"

"Excuse me, Aggie, I didn't mean to swear."

"Oh, not that, Ned, I meant—I felt sorry."

He halted in his nervous pacing of the floor. "That's kind of you, Aggie." There was the slightest break before the name, as if he had a tenderer word in his mind that he did not venture to use, but his wife was too agitated to observe it. "Yes, I am as miserable a d—feller as there is anywhere out of the penitentiary, I guess. You saw that dog awhile ago and the weight on him holding him so that he couldn't get away, not if I had come at him with my axe—well, Aggie, that's just my fix. I got this temper on me and I can't break away from it. Now, see. I had it when I was a little feller, but I was the only one, and ma and pa didn't cure me. Sometimes they got mad at me and gave me a good whipping; but they might have whipped the life out of me before I'd give in. So I guess they got discouraged; and then Pa died, and I never crossed ma. I liked her so, and I was a hard worker, so it went on; she humored me and I didn't often get mad. I truly *never* got mad at her. But I'd have these fits at other folks and at things. I was like a crazy man in them. Once, when I was a boy, I got mad at another boy and I beat him so he was sick. He wasn't really very sick, I guess; but I thought he was and that they'd take me to jail and hang me if he died. I never said a word, but I had my little bundle ready for a week to run away. It didn't matter who it was when the fit came on that roused it up. The teacher, he tried to punish me once, and I bit and kicked and somehow got way so that I could pull my knife. I'd have stabbed him if he'd tried to touch me. He sent me away from school, but he didn't hit me. That's how I'm so poorly educated. Once it was a horse that maddened me. I ain't often unkind to beasts—not often—"

"I never saw you mean to anything except Jump," said Aggie.

He looked grateful. "That's good of you to say, Aggie. But once, once I had a balky horse and I got mad. He was worth a hundred and fifty dollars, but I pulled out a pistol and shot him dead. I was a fool to carry a pistol." He passed his hand over his damp forehead, tossing away the damp hair. "I'm just like Jump, Aggie. There's a weight I can't get rid of, holding me down. I run a little way; I pretend I'm free; but it always drags me down. I ain't a free man. I'm a prisoner."

"No, you're not, Edward Bruce," cried his wife, rising, "you *can* conquer yourself, if you will."

He was at the window, his back to her, and his answer came in a groan. "I thought I could down it. I thought I was free of the cursed thing. I didn't get mad once these two months. Then—then Mrs. Martin told me about Adam Hull's quarrel with Ella, and how he'd made it up; and it all came over me *that* was why you married me, you were mad at him. And she spoke of seeing you and Adam at the post-office, talking a long while and—I know I'm a fool, but I remembered how you *would* go to town that mean drizzly day—"

"But, Ned," interrupted Aggie, "it was to get ma's silk that came by express, her birthday was the next day, and she'd never had such a splendid present. It just happened I met Adam and—and I was thinking he would never have been so good to ma. And I was glad I'd married you."

"And I spoiled it all," groaned the man. "Aggie, I've been in—never mind, that ain't what I started out to say, it was that this morning when I saw Adam speaking to you I run away. I didn't *dare* to stay, for if I'd seen he or you do a thing, like you cared for him, I knew I'd have killed him. I

run, Aggie. I went out and chopped wood till I cooled down a little. But Aggie, what I'm coming at is this. In the worst of it, I wouldn't have hurt *you*. I'd have killed him if I'd seen you give him one kind look, but I wouldn't have touched *you*. And, Aggie—if—if you don't know how it makes me feel to think that maybe, sometime—Oh, Aggie, you don't think, bad as I am, I could be cruel to a little child?"

As he spoke he turned his face to her and something in it moved his wife as she had never been moved before.

"No, Ned, no!" she cried. He sank down on his knees before her and buried his head in the folds of her dress. His sobs shook him. But she could distinguish the words he whispered between them. "Oh, I've been so mean to you. And I didn't know."

"Ned, it was my fault as much as yours," she answered. Indeed, in that moment she believed it was, for she had a generous nature. "And don't feel so bad. I'll help you to get rid of—of that weight you talk of, and I know I can, for I shall never be 'fraid of you again."

She was smoothing his hair while at the same time she wiped her own fast-flowing tears away. Such different tears from those had that scorched her cheeks before, that day. Even as she spoke he withdrew himself gently from her and stood up a little way off. "You needn't be afraid, ever, Aggie, dear," he said; and you needn't be afraid, either, that I'm going to bother you, like I did at first. I'll keep my place."

But his wife, with her eyes shining, and a new, divine courage and trust in her heart, came up to him and laid her head on his breast. "You won't bother," she whispered, "I guess I

missed you all the time. And, dear, it will need us both!"

* * * *

Three years later a man, a woman, and a very active little child were driving along the highway from Ned Bruce's farm to the village. Behind the wagon trotted a fat hound. Presently the man looked back. "I do think Jump's tired," he said, "shan't we let him in?"

"I'm 'fraid he's muddy," said the woman dubiously. "Ned, you just spoil Jump!"

The man laughed, and gave the woman, who was young and very pretty, a playful hug with his left arm. "And I spoil Baby, too, you say," said he, "how about *you*?"

"Oh, every one knows you spoil *me*!" returned the young woman, deftly removing the arm. "For shame, Ned, the Hulls are behind; how it looks!"

"It looks as if I was a happy man, and I am," returned the man stoutly, patting the cheek of the child, who looked up laughing.

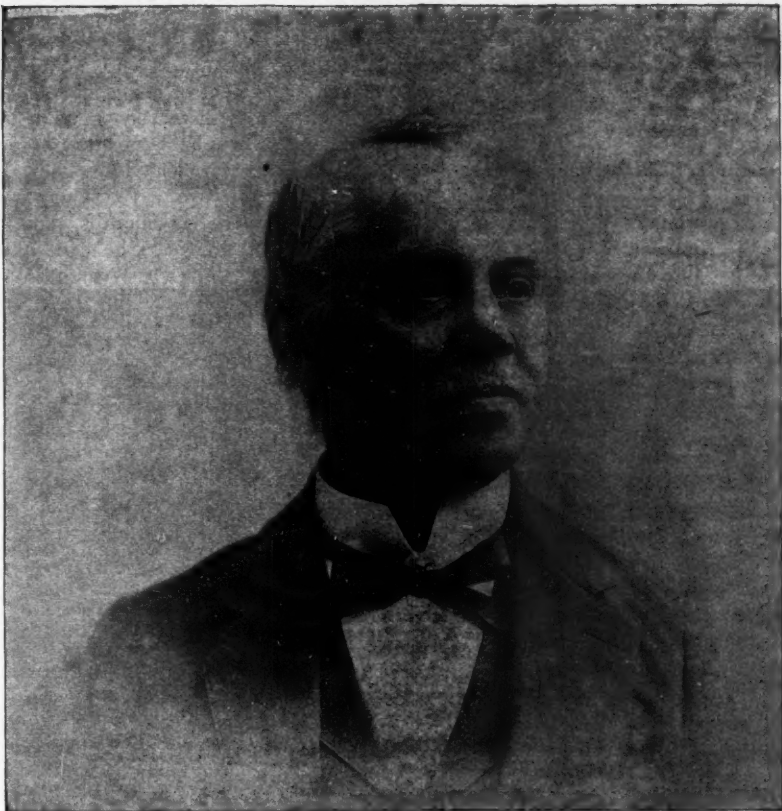
"She's got an awful sweet temper," he continued in a graver tone; "she's got her mother's nature and her ways. Aggie. I'm glad."

"I don't know," the wife answered. "Ned, I'd like her to be more like you."

"Temper and all? Aggie Bruce, I heard of the awful whopper you told at the sewing society."

"That you were the best-tempered man I knew?" said Aggie fondly. "Ned, you are. Do you, know, Ned, I wonder sometimes how you *did* master your temper the way you have."

Ned smiled. "I loved you, Aggie," said he, "and,"—touching the rosy little face at his knee—"I loved *her*. You did it, not me. But"—drawing a deep breath—"it's been a big job and no mistake! And there's plenty left to do, still!"



THE BLIND MILLIONAIRE-MERCHANT

By Gilson Willets

"A million dollars to any one who will restore my eyesight." Such is the offer made by Charles Broadway Rouss, the only one of New York's 1200 millionaires who is not permitted to enjoy his money according to his taste or whims. As his offer has recently been renewed through the press of the country, scientists are encouraged to proceed with their experi-

ments to discover whether blindness can be cured. Meanwhile, people who have read of the offer, want to know the life-story of the one who makes it, of the man, who, while not exactly offering "a kingdom for a horse," is proffering the money-equivalent of his kingdom, namely, his big store and its entire contents, all for an eye.

A quarter of a century ago, it was lawful to imprison a man for debt. It was an absurd and impracticable law, and Charles Broadway Rouss happened to be one of its victims. On the wall of one of the cells of the debtors' prison, Ludlow street jail, in New York, the following inscription may be traced to this day: "When I leave here I shall become a rich man." It was cut into the stone by Mr. Rouss, who was suffering temporary durance vile, not for any kind of crime or misdemeanor, but simply for debt, and the most honest form of debt, at that.

It happened, however, that, outside the prison walls, Rouss had a friend, one who has since become famous as the King of Staten Island. This, of course, was Erastus Wiman. He secured the innocent debtor's release, and was afterward instrumental in having the law changed so that no one could be imprisoned for debt, save when fraud was proven.

True to his self-made promise, Charles Broadway Rouss became a rich man. Now six times a millionaire, he owes no man a penny, and none owe him. Years ago he burned his ledger and learned to say no, neither asking nor giving credit. He accumulated the greater part of his fortune, dollar by dollar, in buying every kind of merchandise at bargain prices, and selling the same at a small profit. At his Broadway stores you can buy anything from a sponge to an anvil. This big shop is the headquarters for Mr. Rouss' 30,000 shops, which form a chain around the earth.

His son is named Winchester, his daughter, Virginia. Is it hard to guess the name of his native town and state? His father wanted him to be a farmer, but "Charlie" declared farming to be too slow and too unremunerative. So the boy of fifteen left the

parental farm, and "bound" himself to the master of the village store at one dollar a week and "found." He saved every cent of his earnings. He was the closest fisted boy in Winchester, except when he bought for one dollar something which he knew he could sell for two. His salary was increased every six months, and at the end of three years he had saved five hundred dollars. With this he bought a stock of general merchandise at auction, rented a store and under-sold all competitors. At twenty-four years of age, he had the largest store in the town, and had accumulated \$6,000.

Then came the crash. War was declared—Bull Run was fought. Rouss loved Virginia then, as now; the Southern cause was his. In the Shenandoah valley salt and sugar became scarce. Merchants demanded \$20 a sack for salt and 25 cents a pound for sugar. Rouss had had the forethought to lay in a large quantity of sugar. He sold this at cost—ten cents a pound. Of salt, however, he had none. But laying his plans carefully, he secretly despatched an agent to the salt works in southwest Virginia. In good time 1000 sacks of salt reached Mr. Rouss' store in Winchester. Speculators in the town immediately offered the owner a profit of \$10,000 on his consignment. Mr. Rouss refused, and sold the necessary article to the people at cost—\$5 a sack. In the Shenandoah valley, to this day, they tell the story of Rouss' self-sacrifice, how he resisted the temptation to make a profit of \$20,000 in sugar and salt.

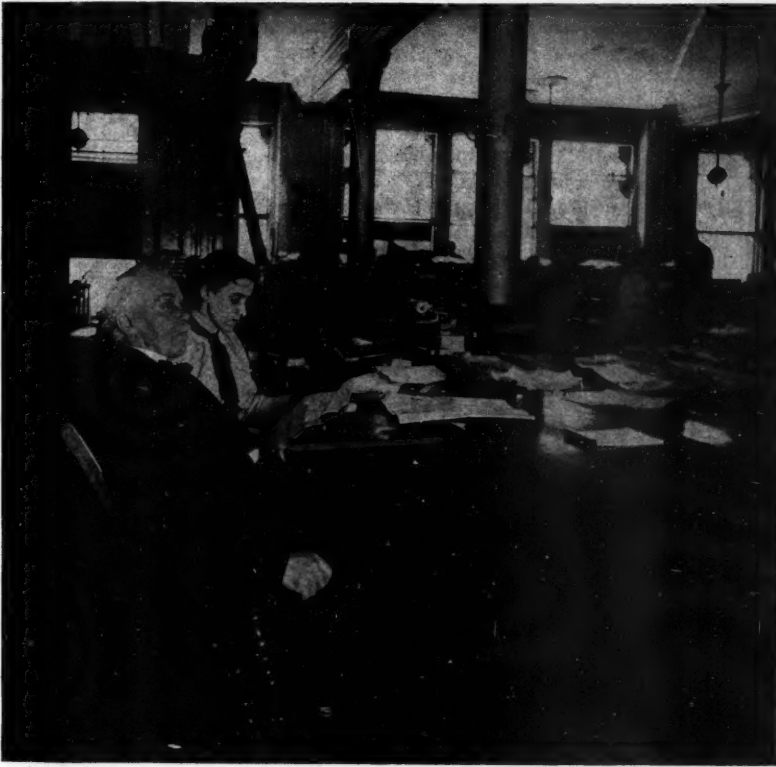
As his beloved state needed the help of every son within its borders, Rouss wound up his business affairs, leaped into the saddle, and, at the first recruiting station, enlisted in the Confederate ranks. He served in the

same company with William L. Wilson, who afterward became post-master-general under Cleveland, and who, to-day, is one of Mr. Rouss' intimate friends. Since the war, Mr. Rouss has endowed a museum known as the Rouss Memorial Battle Abbey, in Virginia, for the preservation of Confederate war relics.

more than \$10,000. By the time the 1866 crop was gathered, Charles said to his father: "I have thought it all out. I shall go to New York and make a fresh start. I shall become a second A. T. Stewart. I intend to pay off my own debts and yours."

When he arrived in New York city his fortune amounted to \$1.80. He

THE BLIND MILLIONAIRE-MERCHANT IN HIS OFFICE



Long before the close of the war, when Rouss surrendered with the sad remnants at Appomattox, he had given his last cent to the "lost cause." With peace, the young man returned to his father's farm, as he said, to "think." He was penniless and in debt, his own and his father's debts amounting to

tramped the streets, slept at police stations, depended upon free lunch counters for food. Everywhere he sought credit for a stock of goods with which to start in business in the smallest way. Everywhere, credit was refused.

It was just at this juncture that one

of his creditors in New York caused his arrest and had him confined in Ludlow street jail—honest debt his only fault. While within the prison walls, he received news of his father's death. "Now I will pay off father's debts first," he said to himself, and it was probably in that same hour that he turned to the wall and scratched upon it the inscription quoted at the beginning of this story.

Erastus Wiman, who secured the debtor's release, then gave Mr. Rouss the opportunity for a second start in business. The King of Staten Island told the future merchant king that if the latter would sell a certain stock of goods, a liberal commission would be allowed. Mr. Rouss sold the goods and realized a handsome profit. After several like deals, the determined young man had money enough to hire a small store on Broadway, near Bleecker street and start in business for himself. He went among the auctioneers and bought for lump sums all sorts of merchandise that was to be sold under the hammer. At his store he sold the good at a small profit. For ten years he saved and saved, until in 1875, he was again worth a small fortune and had a corresponding credit.

Now, in his fortieth year, came the second crash—the financial panic of '75. Again he lost his store, again he stood in the street, penniless, and \$50,000 in debt.

Mr. Rouss' career appears to reverse a familiar maxim, making it read: "Nothing succeeds like failure." In the face of difficulties that would have discouraged men less determined, he went to Brooklyn, hired a store and again attended small auction sales,

this time asking no credit, but buying for cash, and underselling everybody, for cash. The store rent was fifty cents a day. He paid the fifty cents every evening. In a few weeks the store was not large enough to hold the stock he was able to buy. He moved to a larger one, and, for the same reason, continued to move, until, in six months, he had moved six times. Eight months after his second failure he again had money in the bank.

Working thus, Mr. Rouss, after many years, became known and respected in all the markets of the world. He had become a second A. T. Stewart. And just as he reached the goal and the breathing-place on the mountain top whence he might look backward and see to what a dizzy height he had climbed, his eyesight began to fail him. Having won a fortune, he lost the power to enjoy it. He saw the world as through a haze, and finally it faded from his sight. With riches had come perpetual darkness.

In manner, Mr. Rouss is more impressive than in personal appearance. His clothes are of the ready-made sort, his boots are the old-fashioned raw-hides, reaching to the knees, his snow-white hair is always unkempt because of his nervous habit of combing it with his fingers.

He conducts his business on a system so free from red tape that he is sometimes called eccentric. Part of his scheme for reducing everything to the simplest common denomination is the phonetic system of spelling. When asked for his photograph for publication in this article, the reply received was as follows: "Dear Sir: I enclose you my shado."



"NO ROOM IN THE INN"

OR THE JEW'S CHRISTMAS GIFT *

By Hezekiah Butterworth

"IT is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice." The speaker was an Amsterdam Jew named Chisdai. He was a heresy hunter, and he had long been pursuing a polisher of gems, or lenses, named Baruch Spinoza. This polisher of gems had made himself one of the most learned men of the world, but he was a lonely student. He had thought deeply while learning his trade, Baruch Spinoza. One day he startled the Wise Men of the Synagogue by declaring that "Thought must be free if it would know the truths of life, and it ought not to be governed by the laws of Church or State."

"Not by the laws of Moses?" asked the watchful Chisdai.

"Not by Moses, nor by any man. There is nothing that is true that is not universal and eternal, and truth is self revealing, and is open to all who seek its light."

"In that view the Jew is no more elect of God than the Gentile," said the heresy hunter.

"No, he is not; all men are alike the children of God, and he who denies himself the most for others shall receive the most truth from the light of God, like Melchisedec, to whom Abraham paid tithes, although Melchisedec was not a Jew, but had found the truth by the light of the spiritual laws of his own life. No, Chisdai, the Jew [is not and never was more than any Gentile who obeys the laws of the inner light. Truth is truth wherever found."

* The greater part of this story is true, but I offer it as fiction in which I have a point to make.

"Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, thou hast spoken blasphemy, and I have long been following you to hear you speak that word that denies the priesthood of Israel. I have heard it; for that purpose I have crept after you in lonely courts at night, under the moon and stars, and for that purpose I have stood behind you at night on the bridges of Amsterdam. Hear me, Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, it is my duty to accuse you to the Synagogue. As a heretic I hate you, and I will make you a fugitive from your own race; you shall be spat upon in the streets of Amsterdam. I hate you as a heretic, and all the world shall come to avoid you. You shall be cursed in the Synagogue, with that curse on the parchment that makes men wither. It is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice!"

The speaker glided away into the shadows of the law courts, where dim lights were flickering in the cold, raw winds, leaving the polisher of gems standing alone.

"O, Chisdai, Chisdai, my enemy," said Spinoza, "I pity thee out of the new light that has arisen in my heart. A curse withers the lips that utter it, hate poisons the blood of him who harbours it. I wait but the opportunity to do thee good, whatever thou mayest do to me."

He went to the Amstel bridge, under which the rapid waters were flowing. To him all men were equal; the soul was the true book of God; and divine revelation awaited all men who obeyed spiritual laws.

"The curse of the Synagogue," he said. "I heard it once pronounced, and no words more awful ever entered into the imagination of men. I have never done anything but to love my fellow-men. Why should Chisdai seek to bring upon me the curse of the Synagogue?" He walked to and fro in the dim light.

"I seek not to have revenge on any one," he said, "but when one harms me I only aim to learn the cause of it. To know all is to forgive all. It is the bigotry of my people that has led Chisdai to hate me. I pity him in my heart and forgive him for his blindness. I would change his heart if I could; to change a man's heart from an evil intent to love opens one of the gates of Heaven to the soul."

He walked to and fro; his soul glowed with love to God and to all men; he believed that the spirit of God lived in everything, and that every life that had consciousness was divine. He was, as one has long after his death described him, a "God-intoxicated" man.

His heart longed for the happiness of all men, and all men were about to leave him utterly alone in the world.

It was Christmas eve. The wind was going down, and the sails were falling about the quais. The early Christmas exercises in the churches were ending, and crowds with evergreens came hurrying joyfully over the bridge, and the polisher of gems stood there alone by a lamp-post to see the bright, happy faces pass.

His Jewish features stood out distinctly in the narrow circle of light. As the children saw him they pushed aside; they drew away their evergreens from him, and said one to another, "The Jew."

The bells filled the air above the glimmering waters—bells of joy, calling the people to celebrate the birth of

the Babe of Bethlehem, in the after service that was to follow the children's hour into the holy night.

The crowd of merry children had now passed over the bridge, and had done, as they dreamed, a signal service in shunning the Jew under the lamp.

One little girl came after the rest, alone. She was crying. She saw the polisher of gems and stopped. She looked up into his face wonderingly.

"You are a Jew?" she asked. "I pity you," she said. "I have been to the church, and they gave all the other girls presents, but they forgot me. I am all alone in the world: *you* are all alone in the world. You do pity me, don't you? There is no room for us in the inn. Would you, who are a Jew, make me a little Christmas present, if you had one?"

"My child, did ever a Christian make a little Jewish girl a Christmas present? Was ever such a heart large enough to do a thing like that?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"My child, that thought was unworthy of me. May the Highest forgive me."

"But did you ever know a Jew to make a little Christian girl, who was forgotten, a Christmas present?"

"No—no—may the Highest forgive them all!"

"And, sir, is *your* heart big enough to do that?"

He had a warm coat about him with great pockets. He took from one of them a gold and silver box. It contained spikenard.

"Here," said he, "is a box of nard. As often as you open it perfume will fill the air. It is my present to you. And here is a gold piece to go with it." He turned his face to the stars.

"They brought to the Babe nard," said the child.

"What Babe?" he said, looking down.

"The One for whom there was no room in the inn."

She turned away, the full light of joy in her eyes.

"My child, don't speak to me if you ever see me again. It is only what we do, without any desire for gratitude, love or reward, that enriches the soul."

She passed out of the circle of light into the shadows, and her light step was lost to his ear on the bridge, growing silent now.

And he soon after passed from the circle of light into the shadows. A terrible hour was at hand.

* * * *

Over the door of a Synagogue in Amsterdam, the words בית יעקב "The House of Jacob," burned through the sun-illuminated mist. Rabbis were passing through the seven columns of the vestibule, their long beards bending low, as though some weight of the world unusually heavy, was resting upon their shoulders. They descended, for the room where the people were assembling was below the ground, that they might cry to God "Out of the depths."

One old man passed in from the light in silence, and went down into the depths; it was the father of Spinoza, the polisher of gems.

Baruch ben Benjamin Spinoza, the polisher of gems, was to appear before the Council of Ten Judges that day to answer to the charge of heresy in that he had declared that all men were born equal, and that all thought

should be free, and that all who obeyed spiritual laws and sought spiritual light were alike the children of God.

The fire of consumption was burning in the thin face of the accused, his soul shone through the light casement of his form like a pale flame in a vase of alabaster.

SPINOZA



He walked down the steps and into the golden room, with the air of one who had overcome the world, and stood near his father, who sat with his face to the floor, inwardly groaning.

Chisdai was there, his enemy and accuser. He felt that his hour of triumph had come.

An awesome silence fell on the as-

sembly. The initial ceremonies were performed, and the Judge read the charge and called the witnesses.

Chisdai arose.

"He has blasphemed God and the prophets. He has followed the Baal reason—Woe is the hour, woe is the hour!"

"You hear the charges," said the Judge. "You are a follower of reason; do you recant? Baruch ben Spinoza, answer me that!"

"Refute me by reason and I will recant. God works not contrary to reason."

It was so silent that it seemed as though the earth stood still.

The polisher of gems listened to other witnesses against him.

"Do you recant?" again asked the Judge.

"After the manner that you call reason, so worship I the God of my fathers, for so has been his revelations to me. I cannot think otherwise than I have thought, nor can you do otherwise than you have done. You may pronounce a curse upon me, but I curse you not, nor do I curse any one."

The rabbis tore their mantles at these words. The father of the accused bent down to the dust.

A rabbi took up a trumpet and blew it three times, and the echoing notes died away in the silence of the dusky arches.

Then the Judge opened the sacred ark from a golden recess, and took from it a parchment.

The old man in the dust heard the parchment unrolling, and exclaimed, "Out of the depths! Out of the depths!"

The Judge said, "Ye assembly hear, and witness."

A shudder that filled the hall followed these words.

He stood there, the polisher of gems,

as a lamb led to the slaughter; and yet like a bird with lifted wing, he seemed to feel the presence of the sky, the azure brow of the Eternal All.

"In the name of the Lord of Hosts," said the Judge, "I lay thee, Baruch, son of Benjamin, under the eternal curse, earthly and heavenly.

"Cursed be thee by the saints above."

"Out of the depths," cried the father of Baruch, lying in the dust, "My son, my son!"

"I curse thee by the Seraphim!"

"Out of the depths," rose the same voice as before in deeper agony. "I am lost in my son."

"By the decree of this Council, be thy name shut out from all communities, and cast out of every nation under Heaven."

To this the lips of the old man in the dust made no response.

"On thee be great and heavy plagues, great distresses and horrible sicknesses. May thy star vanish, and thy house be a dragon's den."

His voice rose higher.

"By Michael and Gabriel and Mescarihel, be thou accursed!"

"By the Seventy Spirits, go thou to Hell, like Korah!"

"Where Israel lies buried, may thy grave never be!"

"Baruch, son of Benjamin, may thy name be cast out from every nation under Heaven!"

He added, "Go out into the world again, and cursed be thy going out!"

The polisher of gems turned and departed. The assembly arose, and spat at him as he went.

"Out!" The sun still shone for him, the birds still sung for him, the flowers still bloomed for him, the stream flowed, and the seed sprung out of the earth. Human hearts shut their doors, but open still stood the gates of the visible Heavens. Out was the all.

"Out?" I am telling with but some bits of interpretative fiction, a true story. What shall the future of this outcast be? Is his star indeed extinguished?

He wrote in hidden chambers now. The substance of what he wrote was that God is love, and the eye of the heart blind, and that obedience to spiritual law was illumination. The pure see, the obedient know.

One day a doctor came to him, and said, "I come to thee as a physician, and not as a Jew. There is a colony of Jewish emigrants about to start for Brazil. Chisdai wished to join them, but they did not receive him. There is not a Jew in Amsterdam that will ever forgive him for accusing you."

"There is one, doctor."

"Who?"

"I will forgive him."

We hate those whom we injure. Hate feeds on hate and grows into crime.

One night as Spinoza was resting in the church portico of St. Clave, a muffled stranger approached him, and thrust a dagger into his coat, thinking that he had stabbed him, and fled away. A few hours the body of this muffled stranger was found in the Amstel. The would-be assassin had thought that he had murdered his victim, which he had not. He was Chisdai.

It was Christmas eve in the Hague. The lime trees had shed their leaves, and there was a gray silence along the many canals.

In an open space, where were public seats, the polisher of gems had gone for rest. He was utterly deserted by all men. He had been writing books, but the work had been a consuming flame. He had written himself into his works. Consumption had long been wasting him, life flickered now, and would soon go out.

The bells rung out again as they had done in Amsterdam, on the night when he had met the friendless girl and given her the nard.

A procession came out of one of the

chambers singing carols and bearing wreaths and gifts for the poor.

It was led by the same girl he had met, and to whom he had given the box of nard in the neighboring city. She was a grown woman now, and the wife of the parson of the church that was filling Hague at this hour with the thought of the Messiah of the Nativity.

As she drew near to him she recognized him. He remembered her. The procession moved aside as the good people saw the Jew. Did the pastor's wife leave a garland at his feet?

Answer ye, who sing carols, and still harbour race prejudices. Did she? It matters not. One of the noblest monuments of Holland adorns that place now, and the world visits it there, and the place around it is worn by the steps of the pilgrims. The name that was to be cast out of every nation under Heaven adorns that monument, and the star that was to be quenched forever shines on the eternal firmament of the benefactors of mankind, and of the revealers of light, who have held the truth of God to be more than self, fortune, or fame. There had been no room for him in the inn of the world, but he, too, had unconsciously lived in the Christ spirit, and taught in their highest sense many of the teachings of Him for whom had been found "no room in the inn," and Who had said, "If any man keep my saying he shall never see death."

The Christmas bells are ringing again. The world has received a new lesson this year at Rennes. May this be the year when the Christian will exchange gifts with the Jew, and the Jew with the Christian, for the time to do this has surely come to all men of "good-will." A Gentile laid at the feet of the Infant of Bethlehem a box of nard. It was two thousand years ago. Has the meaning of the gift been comprehended? Ask Rennes.

SOME VICTIMS AND A PLOT

By Theodosia Garrison



It was proper and fitting and precisely in the natural order of things, that Merton should fall in love with Miss Deering. The only wonder in the affair was that she failed to respond in the slightest degree to his attentions and devotions, and moved on her maiden way as unconscious of his being as though he were a poster on a fence.

We all liked Merton. He was a mild little chap, with the sweetest disposition and the gentlest manners in the world. To look at him you knew instinctively that when he was a child he wore black velvet clothes and red sashes and had long golden curls, and received good merits every day at school.

He was quite famous, too, in a mild way. His first book of verse went through a decent number of editions, though you never heard him mention it, being the mildest little lion that ever roared in a falsetto voice, and he would blush to the roots of his blonde hair if you complimented him.

He was absolutely without the tiniest vice. His greatest fault would have been a virtue in another man, and I am positive the first time he ever loved any woman, beyond the imaginary persons mentioned in his verse, was when he saw Marian Deering's oval face and dark eyes opposite him at the Barkley's dinner.

Marian was Mrs. Jeremiah Condit's.

cousin and one of those slender, madonna-faced girls that one always sees painted in white robes with a lily in her hand. And she lived up to her appearance in a way that must have been slightly trying to her family at times. She had sewing classes in River street and was president of the club for the higher education of poor working girls, and only went to the theatre when Mrs. Jerry bullied her into it.

If there were ever two people formed for each other by an unusually indulgent providence, it was Miss Deering and Merton, and it was very annoying to those interested when she snubbed him in a sweetly angelic way, and failed to take the slightest interest in his passion.

Mrs. Jerry and I talked it over one afternoon in her library. Mrs. Jerry's library is a nice place. There are not over five dozen books in it, including the Encyclopedia, and nobody has to read them, and there are always great piles of magazines and paper novels, and Jerry's smoking things and easy chairs and pillows and divans—a place where one could get on terms of good fellowship with a Chinese god.

There was a driving snow storm outside and a crackling, cozy fire on the hearth inside, and it was altogether just the time to grow confidential over one's neighbor's affairs—Mrs. Jerry was properly disgusted with Marian, and said so.

"I'm exhausted," she said. "I have argued and threatened and used tact that would have done credit to a diplomatist, and I might as well have whistled to the wind. Why don't she

The door of the writing room opened and Miss Deering came suddenly upon us. She was very much excited, and there was a great red spot on either cheek



Drawn by C. W. Reed

marry the man who was put into the world for her? No frivolous up-to-date girl would consider him for a moment, and no sensible man—well, no; not exactly that," said Mrs. Jerry.

"We are of the earth earthy," I said. "No man has a right to marry a person a little below the angels, to say nothing of several grades above, only Merton—"

"Dear little fellow," said Mrs. Jerry, "My heart aches for him. When I see him following her about with his great wistful eyes—"

"To say nothing of his legs," I said.

"And always on hand to carry her coat and put her in the carriage—"

"Faithful Fido," I said.

"I get so furious. I could—"

"Remonstrate gently," I said.

"Bite her!" says Mrs. Jerry, fiercely.

It was plain to be seen that the ends of her nerves were becoming frayed, and that she was on the verge of letting affairs take their own course, which is the last thing a born match-maker should do.

"If she could only see how suitable such a marriage would be," mourned Mrs. Jerry. "It's a pity it can't be compelled by law! If dear little Merton only looked like a bandit in a comic opera, and would drink and swear and look as though he was in the habit of beating his mother, she would adore him and be perfectly happy, making a medieval martyr of herself. I wish—"

"Stop!" I cried. "Mrs. Jerry, I have an idea."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Jerry, anxiously.

There was a long, five minutes' silence, while a great plan mapped itself beautifully out in my brain, and the snow whirled softly against the windows. Then I sat up in my chair and exulted.

"It's as good as done," I said. "In six months you will read that Mr.

Reginald Merton and Miss Marian Deering were united by somebody-or-other, at such-and-such a place, in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"She's too big to kidnap," said Mrs. Jerry, "and hypnotising isn't generally practised in our circle. If you—"

"Listen," I said. I drew my chair close up beside her and talked very rapidly for twenty minutes.

"Now," said I, "what do you think?"

"It is glorious," said Mrs. Jerry, "and wicked enough to be successful. But if he ever found it out!"

"Don't be afraid," I said. "He won't until after they are married, and it won't matter then."

"And anyway," said Mrs. Jerry, "we are only doing what their guardian angels should have attended to personally. Marian is coming to lunch with me to-morrow, and you must be here at three, as she goes to her Dorcas society at four."

I took my hat and stick. "I shall be here on the stroke," I said. "Good-bye, I am going home to concoct a few brilliant lies."

"You know what a lie is?" said Mrs. Jerry, severely.

"An ever present help in time of trouble," I said, resurrecting a joke of my salad days.

"Amen," said Mrs. Jerry, piously.

I lunched at the club next day, in a remote corner, and found a deal of inspiration for my afternoon's work in the smoke of my cigar. Every new thought I jotted down carefully in my notebook and revised them afterward at ten minutes to three on Mrs. Jerry's doorstep.

I waited for the maid to leave the hall with my card before I opened proceedings. Then I rattled my stick loudly against the door and knocked the umbrella-stand against the wall. Afterward I addressed myself severely to the hat-rack.

"Merton," I said, "I beg of you not to insist upon calling here. You're in no condition to see any one. Take my cab and get home as soon as you can and sleep it off. Go easy there! Here, let me open the door for you."

I opened the door noisily. I had howled all this as loudly as possible so that my voice could be heard in the library. Mrs. Jerry said, afterward, that it could have been heard equally as well on the roof. But this is a mere detail. When I went into the library Miss Deering was looking rather startled, and Mrs. Jerry a bit flustered and giggily, but she quieted when she saw my anxious frown. I was very proud of that frown. I had practised before the glass twenty minutes the night before.

"Mrs. Jerry," I said, "I have come on very sad and important business. Will you ask Miss Deering to leave us for a few moments? It is about an old and valued friend," I said, addressing her, "whom I greatly fear—" I shook my head sadly and looked out of the window.

Mrs. Jerry opened a door. "Step in here for a moment, Marian, dear," she said sweetly. "There are some magazines on the little table that will interest you. It's the writing room," she whispered to me as she closed the door on Miss Deering, "and it's so small that she can't help hearing, even if she crouches in the farthest corner with her hands over her ears."

We sat down very near the door, and I sighed loudly.

"I trust you will pardon my asking Miss Deering to withdraw," I said, "but I would not for the world—" raising my voice—"have her hear what I am to say."

"That will bring her to the keyhole if anything will," whispered Mrs. Jerry.

"You know," I continued, "the con-

versation we had concerning a certain person, some time ago—"

"Poor, dear Mr. Merton," sighed Mrs. Jerry.

"Rash and wicked man," I said, sternly.

Mrs. Jerry giggled and, for a moment, a vision of Merton's lamb-like features arose before me and I almost succumbed, but conquered myself in time and gave Mrs. Jerry a reproving look.

"What we have suspected so long is true," I said. "He has plunged into the wildest dissipation; he gambles; he drinks; he—" I consulted my note book—"consorts with the gayest men in town—"

"This is horrible of you," breathed Mrs. Jerry.

I continued slowly. "You heard me, perhaps, expostulating with him in the hall—"

"I should think I did," said Mrs. Jerry.

"He followed me here and insisted upon calling. I had almost to use force to induce him to leave," said I. "A more pathetic exhibition of intoxication I never hope—"

"Hope?" said Mrs. Jerry.

"Trust to see," said I.

"And to think what he used to be," said she. "So gentle, so kind, so—"

"Ladylike," said I absently.

"So chivalric," said Mrs. Jerry, with a frown. "And to think he has changed so completely and yet no one could hardly tell it from his face."

"Rank hypocrisy!" said I. "That is the worst of all, to think of the double life he leads. Oh, how I trust that no rumor of it will ever reach his poor old mother's ears." I had never heard of the existence of Mrs. Merton, but my remark was sincere nevertheless—I fervently hoped it never would reach his poor old mother's ears.

"And he a man of such talents, too,"

sighed Mrs. Jerry. "To think of the lovely verses he has written. Oh, why is it a genius is always first to fall before temptation?"

"Lovely verses," said I. "It is sad to think—I have every reason to believe that those exquisite lines of his—" I consulted my notebook again—"beginning 'Oh, rose-lipped maiden from a sun-touched land,' were written to the young person—" here I hitched my chair nearer the door—"who leads the ballet in an up-town music hall."

Mrs. Jerry's hand went up to her mouth.

"Don't laugh!" I whispered fiercely, "you will spoil everything."

Mrs. Jerry recovered bravely. "Oh, what is to be done," she said. "Can no influence be brought to turn him from these things?"

"If there was only," I said, "some one to reason with him, some one to show him how pure and sweet life might be—"

"Yourself, for instance," said Mrs. Jerry, wickedly.

"No, no!" I said, hurriedly, "this is a woman's work."

I heard a rustle in the adjoining room and addressed myself clearly to the keyhole.

"If there was only," I said, "some true, sweet woman who would undertake the task of his reformation! It needs all a woman's tact and courage and endurance, but it is a great task. Where can we find a woman brave enough to undertake it?"

The door of the writing room opened and Miss Deering came suddenly upon us. She was very much excited, and there was a great red spot on either cheek.

"Oh, Pattie," she cried to Mrs. Jerry, "I couldn't help hearing you, and I am so pained and so interested, and I quite agree with what Mr. Fairfax says. Poor Mr. Merton, he does need

a good woman to influence him, to lead him gently into the right way. Let me be the woman."

"Impossible!" cried I.

"It is my duty," cried Miss Deering.

"But, Miss Deering," I said, "Merton is a difficult man. If he guessed for an instant what you were doing with him he would be off like a shot."

"Let me manage it," said Miss Deering. "I have dealt with such cases before. I shall never mention or allude in any way to the life he is leading, but by putting attractive pastimes before him, by filling in his time, little by little, with other things—" she pauses, breathless.

"There was a longshoreman," she continued, earnestly, "who was brought to my notice, who drank and beat his wife; and we worked with him in the same way and now he is as sober as can be, and has developed a wonderful bass voice and sings in our choir at the mission."

I doubted if any amount of reformation would result in endowing Merton with a bass voice, but—I smiled and shook Miss Deering's hand warmly—"You have taken a great weight from my mind," I said. "I can leave my poor friend safely in your hands."

"I must go to my meeting," said Miss Deering. "Mr. Fairfax, will you give me Mr. Merton's address? I want to send him a card for mother's musical."

When I went back to the club, Merton was sitting alone by the window.

He nodded and smiled at me in his gentle way, and I owned for the moment a strange knowledge of how it feels to be a public benefactor and an unconvicted murderer at one and the same time.

The Mertons were married in June and are living in a pretty little house at Lynehurst. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry and I are to dine with them next Sunday.

THE ODD THINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA

By Howard C. Hillegas

Author of "Oom Paul's People"



SINCE the commencement of hostilities in South Africa all the commonplace affairs of that country have been thoroughly described in American periodicals, but the oddities have been neglected—and South Africa has been called the "odd end of creation."

At Cape Town, where the traveler from America usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet, and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance of a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as The Tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on the top, while on the northern side of its base, near Cecil Rhodes' magnificent residence and zoological park, Groote Schuur, is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver-leaf tree, the foliage of which is much admired by Queen Victoria, who annually receives large quantities of it from loyal subjects at the Cape.

Near Table Mountain is another eminence, which has the descriptive name of Lion's Head. In the Drakensburg Mountains, in Natal, perched high in the air, is a natural forma-

tion known as Napoleon's Kop, which gives an excellent bust representation of the Little Corsican. The Drakensburg, with their snow-covered summits, impress it upon the lightly-clothed traveler that South Africa is not all sunshine and palm-trees.

At Howick, near the scene of the recent fighting, is the falls of the Umgeni, 365 feet high, but so small in volume that the visitor is inclined to believe that the water is "turned on" by the enterprising local hotel proprietor for the visitor's special delectation. A hundred miles west are the Tugela Falls, 1,800 feet high, and visible from a distance of ten miles. Near the magnificent city of Durban is the Place of Death, a funnel-like cleft in the coast rocks, into which, in times gone by, the Zulu chiefs were accustomed to throw the victims of their wrath to die. The smooth and precipitous sides of the cleft prevented the escape of the victims, who were beaten to death by the ceaseless rise and fall of the sea—a torture unspeakable. East of the city the prodigious hippopotamus, by grace of a law, is allowed to live in the waters of the Umgeni—the only place in South Africa where he may be found. Farther South, in the forests of the coast, the only elephants below the Zambesi are found, and occasionally appear in the agricultural country to have a taste of the farmer's corn and bullets. Hundreds of ostrich farms are situated in all parts of the country, and the traveler soon becomes so familiar with the sight of them that

Mr. Hillegas has lately returned from an extended stay in South Africa, and is regarded as one of the most authoritative writers on this subject.

he pays as little attention to them as he does to the unclothed natives, the impenetrable tropical verdure, or the treeless, waterless plain of the interior.

The picturesqueness of the natives—now rapidly disappearing, owing to the growing habit of wearing clothing—is most striking. A large, empty sardine box is a hat for one; a discarded red coat of a British soldier will never leave the back of another for a year; and a third will be as proud with only a pair of trousers as another with a white man's dress-shirt. All the natives smoke cigarettes, with the lighted end in their mouth, and when it is not desirable to consume it at once the cigarette is deftly inserted in a hole in the ear-lobe for future reference. When they enter the cities and towns the native women are compelled by local laws to wear blankets, but in their own reservations they are content to wear beads. A woman is sold into marriage by her father at prices ranging from six to sixteen cattle, and thereafter she and her husband's other wives support him or till the ground while he is at the mines earning money for the purchase of more cattle and, incidentally, more wives.

Although it is unlawful, witchcraft is still practised, and the tribe's witch-doctress is only second to the chief in power. By "smelling out" a victim the witch-doctress can place the blame of a drought or a plague upon any member of the tribe, and his punishment is as quick as it is horrible. The victims are tied to ant-heaps, to be tortured to death by the little insects, thrown from precipices or compelled to eat of the deadly ubuti root. Superstition still sways their minds, and a short time before the commencement of the war the Basutos skinned two live oxen in order to forecast whether the Boers or the British would be suc-

cessful. The red ox, typifying Boer success, lived longer than the British white ox, and consequently the natives firmly believe that Great Britain will be defeated.

Thousands of natives are employed in the mines at Kimberley and Johannesburg, whither they walk over the mountains and plains for hundreds of miles. At the Kimberley diamond mines they receive \$1.25 a day, and at Johannesburg a trifle less. Although closely guarded at the diamond mines, the natives succeed annually in stealing about a million dollars' worth of the stones by swallowing them, hiding them in their ears, or cutting open the flesh and secreting them under the skin. When detected, the native is sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor, which also carries with it the disintegration of his numerous family at home.

Two of the most remarkable cities in the world are Kimberley and Johannesburg; the one producing two-thirds of the world's diamonds, the other one-third of all the gold mined. Twenty years ago the present site of these cities were grazing grounds for the Boer's cattle; now Kimberley has a population of 30,000, while Johannesburg is a modern city of 100,000, in the centre of a gold-mining district, 100 miles long and a mile wide. Where wild beasts were then wont to seek their victims, now is heard the rumble of locomotives and electric cars, the ring of the telephone, and the stockbroker's cry. Land sold for a few cents an acre before the discovery of gold has become so valuable that small building lots on the principal streets of Johannesburg frequently bring \$250,000 each.

Since the advent of the railroads into the interior the old-time conveyances have disappeared, to a certain extent, but the quaint ox-team, the

HOWARD C. HILLEGAS

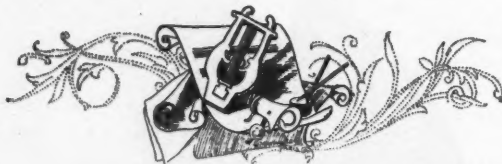


'ricksha and the mashela are still in use in almost all parts of the country. The mashela is a hammock swung on a long bamboo pole borne on the shoulders of two or four negroes, who, with a peculiar swinging stride, convey their passenger at the rate of about six miles an hour. The 'ricksha is a pattern of the Japanese two-wheeler, and is usually piloted along the streets of the larger towns by energetic Zulus. The 'ricksha boys—who are as numerous, and occupy the same position as

the American cab-driver—take great pride in their personal ornamentation, and appear with monstrous wigs of feathers, gaudy clothing, and rattling shells at their naked ankles. Like playful colts they dash along the streets, champing, whistling, and kicking their heels, as if nothing was more pleasurable than to drag an adipose white man in one of their conveyances at the rate of six miles an hour. Durban, the magnificent city at the edge of Zululand, is the 'ricksha boys' Para-

dise, and the traveler's memory will always retain the pleasant picture of "Christmas," or "Happy Days," or "Hotfoot," who, like a faithful pet, met him with extraordinary manifestation of joy at the hotel door every morning, remained his self-appointed custodian during the entire day, and bade him a broken English "Good-night, boss," at night. The ox-teams are none the less interesting, for it is typically South African to have sixteen or twenty sleek oxen dragging a cumbersome, white-roofed transport wagon over the treeless, sun-tanned plain. Quite as interesting is it to watch the antics of the driver, who, with a stout, fifty-foot rawhide whip, operated in the air like a lasso, urges his "steeds of the plains" forward with well-directed applications.

Not necessarily the strangest, but undoubtedly the most astonishing revelation to an American traveling in South Africa, is the extent and nature of American works and enterprise. Everywhere the hands of the Yankee—as all Americans are called in that country—are visible. On the farms American implements are used almost exclusively; in the mines American machinery is the best; American electric cars and lights are in all the cities, and on the railroads they have American locomotives and palace cars. Americans are at the head of all the gold and diamond mines, and a regiment of Yankees is assisting Kruger's army in fighting for a cause which they believe is as just as that for which their forefathers fought so valiantly at Bunker Hill.



THE COVENANT OF THE BOERS

Of the Transvaal Republic at Wonderfontein, March, 1879, and Almost Exactly Paraphrased

"In the presence of God Almighty,
Who searcheth the hearts of men,
From our homes in the Transvaal Desert
We have journeyed to meet again.
Free burghers, we ask His mercy,
And trust in His boundless grace,
And bind ourselves and our children
Before His awful face.
We join in a sacred compact,
By solemn oaths made sure,
While the rule of the tyrant hireling
In our borders shall endure.

"When our fathers to exile journeyed
From the shores of the southern sea,
From the victor's hateful presence
They fled to the desert free.
Forty long seasons of sorrow,
Warfare and famine and fears
Have passed since like Israel's wanderings
Began their long journey in tears.
Thrice with labor and peril they builded
A State in the wilderness;
Thrice hath the treacherous foeman
Invaded, deceived and oppressed.

"Like robbers in midnight darkness
They have made of our land a prey;
They have humbled our lowly banner
And taken our laws away.
Such outrage we may not suffer;
Such bondage we cannot brook.
From the power and fear of the tyrant
To Almighty God we look.
In freedom and peace our children
Shall hold the land of their sires.
By our father's wrongs we swear it;
By their graves, and our homestead fires.

"Therefore, as true men and brothers,
We give each other the hand,
Solemnly sworn to be faithful,
Banded together we stand.
E'en to the death-pang together,
We strive, till our land is free.
So truly help us, Almighty,
For our trust is only in Thee."
Deathless as fame and freedom,
Grand as their rifle's ring,
Shall live the tale of their meeting
And their oath by the Wonder-Spring.

C. W. Hall

N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

THE OLD AGE OF SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS totters under his pack, wearing a long, old face, these days. Probably in his youth he had no idea of growing old or departing this life; therefore, when his enthusiasm and joyousness began to wane unaccountably, he must have opined that the world was tottering—not his own generous throne of life. Now-a-days he creeps down the chimney stealthily as if somewhat ashamed of his mission, like a polar burglar, and his eight tiny reindeer make small clatter on the lawn, for many of their joy bells have been lost. When Santa lays a finger aside of his nose reflectively in our times, he exclaims, without a bit of a jolly shake below the waist: "Degenerates! Degenerates! Has my world come to such a pass that people wish to pay me for presents? Can it be that little children are so surfeited with toys that they stop to ask how much they cost before accepting them? There was little Willie, last year, who said to his mamma, when he first saw a beautiful wooley dog, 'What's it got inside? Candy or money? Don't want a dog 'nless it's got somethin' inside.'"

Then Santa Claus recalls the lost simplicity of his youth, and how people in those days accepted presents as remembrances, not in the spirit of debt-paying, nor elaborate display,

and the tears froze on his eyelids. While listening down the chimney to see what people want, previous to the celebration of warm hearts, he had overheard pitiful remarks such as "I'll have to spend five dollars on her for Christmas, any way, and that will pay off, at least, one indebtedness."

Poor Santa Claus wanted to shout at him: "You knave of Hearts! Why do you interfere with my business? 'Tis my place to give presents because my spirit is right—yours is all wrong. Christ was not born to teach barter, but to tell the story of love and free offering to all the world. Alas for humanity!"

But men can no longer hear the voice of the Christmas Saint, and when he calls they imagine they hear the wind howling down the chimney, and shiver, while Santa limps off with a sigh, leaning heavily on a staff in his old age.

A SHORT CUT TO ENMITY

IT has been said that the one certain way of making an enemy is by placing a man under obligations to one's self. There are many proofs for, and few against, this proposition. In the long run we discover our staunchest friends among those who have found us more necessary to their social enjoyments than to their worldly emoluments, for the reason that unless the latter

can be repaid in coin of the realm they can seldom be repaid at all; and it takes a master of generosity to owe debts gracefully. When a man has a long-standing account with his butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker, he replies to the still, small voice: "In due time I'll have the money and I'll make it all right;" but when a fellow creature has a bill against him for kindly offices performed, that same man, in case no opportunity presents itself to repay the bill of generosity, soon begins to feel a disagreeable dependence in relation to his benefactor—and who is more ungrateful than the beggar?

As time goes on, while the bill still stands, the debtor chafes more and more under a very human desire to pay back, until finally he forgets entirely the nature of the bill and cares little about how he pays, provided he can pay something.

Oftentimes, as a result, kindness is returned with contempt, generosity with contumely, a smile with a sneer; an enemy is made, and the account closed. When this does not occur the debtor's nature resembles a sieve; what goes in one side goes out the other—that is, a kindness received, although not returned, is passed on in the original spirit to some other needy mortal at the first opportunity, thus clearing the debtor's conscience and relieving him of a burden which must find egress or turn acid inside of him.

Beware of obligating any man! If a generous deed comes in our way, the truest kindness lies in bestowing it either as a free gift or as an assured debt, to be repaid in like measure at the earliest convenience of the debtor.

Also it is to be remembered—the larger the obligation the greater the enemy.

Small favors pass from hand to hand like old-fashioned hospitality, but a big favor makes a big enemy.

THE DON'T WORRY CLUBS

AS an especially convincing indication of religious progress at the present time the inauguration throughout the United States of bodies of people pledged not to borrow trouble, may well be cited.

That a psychological theory can be reduced to practical bearing upon the average intelligence and, what is more, made acceptable to our daily needs, is an indication that soul is out-stripping body in the race of life.

The word religion is used above in the acceptance of spiritual support—that faith or belief which helps human beings to live a happier, more useful and productive life. The highest use of Christmas Day as we know it, is to be found primarily in its cheerful thought of others' happiness, and after that is to be noted the holiday freedom from care. The purpose of the Don't Worry Club is to ease the unnecessary nervous strain, caused by a constant exercise of the wearing emotions. Medical opinion corroborates the psychological belief that worry is responsible for a considerable amount of the killing in these days. Taking thought for to-morrow where thought is necessary is not worry; but imagining disagreeable possibilities, were given circumstances to come about when there is no good reason for believing hysterically in a dire future, may be safely termed worry. The Don't Worry Clubs are built upon the finest and most useful principles of all theisms calculated to destroy "the hypo" (the most prevalent disease in our nervous times) and they go further back for a doctrine of Peace and Good-Will, than which none other can be more helpful, when added to the law of cheerfulness—that cheerfulness which without weakness promotes courage, hope and righteous endeavor

THE FUNNY MAN

IF every inhabitant of every large city in the world were given two weeks of experimenting with smiles and tears, each emotional expression to be sustained respectively one week at a time, it is safe to predict that almost to a man this multitude would choose perpetual wailing to perpetual grinning, were they doomed to an alternative during the remainder of their lives. When people are occupied exclusively with social affairs, their most difficult task is to be found in the necessity for baiting favors and admiration with an artificial smile which, frankly labelled, could pass only as a miserable grin.

When a man or woman is perpetually sunny by nature, the smiling muscles work flexibly without effort, but very few natures are sufficiently laughable to produce this sort of facial effect, and the consequence of forcing the required muscular action is an assemblage of court jesters.

Once having admitted the truth of this statement, it is easy to realize the melancholy existence of the professional funny man, who must eat and drink the financial result of his own jokes.

Now, if he could sell exclusively those jokes he makes spontaneously or has a fair opinion of himself, his clouds would be silver lined, but in our day, when jokes for publication are cut and dried, and limited to variations on the four or five best calculated not to offend supersensitive advertisers or subscribers, all the funny man can do is to sit and groan out his funny business.

Whereas, the undertaker or gravedigger can have his own quiet and enjoyable little jokes out of business

hours, the funny man becomes so worn with making jokes to suit other people, that out of hours the most joyous thing he can do is to weep cheerfully. Beware of the funny business, too!

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO

HALL CAINE, in "The Christian," makes his hero in pursuit of social reforms assert that England, toppling on the brink of social ruin, can only be reclaimed by some great, good woman, who will not only preach, but also live the doctrine of unselfishness, because from woman comes man, who is exactly what she moulds him into, with or without his volition. If that is true of England, how much more is it true of America, where women enjoy a supremacy unknown to any other section of the world. It might prove salutary if every woman were to remember that even in the most limited sphere of action a woman has a mission which is to make noblemen of those men immediately about her. If chivalric days pass out of sight entirely, if the Knights of the Holy Grail sing their swan songs and disappear, women may hold themselves largely responsible for that calamity. Whatever a woman demands from men she gets. Most men attest to this fact, consciously or unconsciously. The better a woman lives, the more respect she has for herself, the higher the ideal she sets before men, the more aspiring will all mankind become. In secret she longs for worlds to conquer, when at her very door a great world of hearts and minds is awaiting her touch. In social, as in all relations, the door to progressive happiness is opened by the words: "You first, I last," or by the sentiment of Maurice Hewlitt's knightly hero, "Love is service."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The Christmas bells were pealing thro' the frosty midnight air,
The great Yule logs were burning, and the hearty Christmas cheer
On the ample board was ready for the Squire and his guests,
While the lackeys, laced and powdered, waited for their lord's behests.
In the billiant, crowded ballroom—where a thousand tapers shone—
The Squire and his partner danced a measure all alone.
Holly leaves and ivy garlands glistened in the candle-light,
Silks and satins and fair faces made a gay and goodly sight;
But the Squire thought, of all the fair, the very fairest yet
Was Margery, the dainty maid who danced the minuet.

To the stately, graceful music—on the polished oaken floor—
The Squire and his sweetheart danced the music o'er and o'er,
Till he led his blushing partner just beneath the mistletoe
And—stole a kiss that Christmas eve, a hundred years ago.
True love is like the lavender, whose perfume faint and rare
Will linger in its blossoms even when they're dry and sere;
And the memory of that courtship and the kiss so fairly won
Wake in hearts a chord of kinship, though so many years have gone.
For now sweet Mistress Margery, "the toast" at every ball,
And the gay and gallant Squire are but—pictures on the wall.

The Margerys of our day are every whit as fair
As those that danced the minuet in puffed and powdered hair;
And tho' the Squires of days gone by were brave and fine to see,
In this dear land to-day we find no lack of chivalry.
Though buckled shoes and 'broidered coats are "in the mode" no more,
And days of courtly compliment, and powdered hair, are o'er—
True knighthood and nobility are not yet obsolete,
And even in these busy days our hearts have time to beat,
And tongues, at Cupid's prompting, tell their tales of tender passion—
You'll find in every century that Love is still the fashion!

Then ring the Christmas bells again, with holly deck the walls,
Let happy faces crowd the board and fill the festive halls!
The mistletoe is out of date, and kisses are forbidden—
A modern Squire for such a theft would be severely chidden—
But then the sweetest roses always bloom just out of reach;
'Tis ever on the topmost bough you spy the rarest peach.
The fiddle plays a merry tune, light feet are keeping time,
And gaily goes the two-step waltz until the midnight chime.
Ah! hearts are young and gay but once—so come when Pleasure calls!
For by-and-by we too shall be but—pictures on the wall.

Annie T. Colcock


Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XXII INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring DeLoste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son graduates from college and goes west with Kenneth Phillips for the summer. They stop in Detroit and Mrs. Marshall recognizes Terrill. He meets and falls in love with Margaret Howard. They become engaged and she informs him that she is a foster daughter. Terrill announces his engagement to his parents, and greatly surprises them.

CHAPTER XXII



THE family had all retired with the exception of Margaret. It now consisted not only of Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Margaret, but Mr. and Mrs. Terrill and Mildred, who had been in the city for the past two days.

It was the night before the wedding; and the elaborate preparations were almost completed. To-morrow when Thornton and Margaret meet it will be the hour of their marriage, which is to take place at high noon.

It is not late, scarcely half past nine. The family have retired early, not

alone on account of fatigue, but also tactically leaving the young lovers alone for the last evening.

After a time Margaret rose from her seat at his side and went to the piano. It was her confident upon all occasions. "You do not care if I play softly a while do you, Thornton? I do not believe it will disturb any one if I am careful."

Thornton took possession of an easy chair where he could watch her face. Thornton shaded his eyes with his hands, that he might watch her the more intently. She began to play something bright and joyous that she knew Thornton admired. But her mood was too strong. She played for fully three-quarters of an hour and did not speak one word. As she drifted from one conception to another, the strains grew more and more plaintive.

Thornton felt as though she were struggling to say something and could not. He could scarcely set quietly in his chair. She had turned her face to the side, and he could not see her eyes.

Finally, it seemed that whatever was burdening her heart and mind reached to her finger tips, and she struck the last notes falsely and with a dull, muffled sound.

Thornton could sit still no longer. He walked quickly to her side and

placed his hand gently on her shoulder. She shuddered and turned from him. "Margaret!" he said, "Margaret," slowly and gravely, when he was deeply moved. "Margaret, look at me."

"I cannot," she replied.

"Do not turn from me, dear. Turn from all the world if you will, but not from me."

With these words he took her head between his hands, and turned it gently backwards until he could look into her eyes. Her eyes fascinated him. They appeared twice their normal size. They seemed as dark, as vast as a stormy night. They glowed peculiarly, as though fed by some inner fire. As she tried to meet his penetrating glance, they filled with tears. There is no position more trying to a man than to see the woman he loves in tears, especially upon the eve of his marriage to her.

Thornton had hoped never to see Margaret's face clouded again, forgetting that heredity is stronger than love. Scarcely realizing what he was doing, he lifted her suddenly from her seat at the piano and placed her in the chair he had just occupied. He then brought a cushion and seated himself at her feet where he might look up into her face unhindered. She watched him in silence. His strength had always fascinated her, just as her seeming fragility always aroused in him a protective sense.

He placed one hand over hers upon her knee as though to reassure her. As he did so a tear fell upon his hand. Gravely he took his handkerchief from his pocket and reached up to dry her eyes as gently as though he were drying the eyes of a troubled child.

"There, there, do not weep," he said, "There is nothing worth weeping for to-night, sweet."

She tried to smile through her tears.

Margaret Howard felt that she had placed her love in safe hands. She felt no regret at the step she was about to take. Yet to-night the old self struggled with the new, and her heart was full of a vague oppression.

Thornton was troubled. He could not bear to feel she was not wholly happy. He wished her to be so happy that she would forget the old apprehensions. "I want you to be happy, Margaret, more than I want anything else in the world," he said earnestly.

"I know that you do, Thornton, and I have been happy, but—to-day—"

"What happened to-day?"

"Don't think me foolish," and her face grew crimson as she answered, "but to-day as I was watching your sister Mildred, a realization of what she has and I have not, came to me and the crowded back all the old miserable doubts and fears. You know what I mean," she said anxiously.

"Yes, dear, I know."

"And Thornton, you do not think they ought to know about me—is it necessary?"

"No, Margaret, I cannot see how the knowledge could make any difference to them. Since I know, it seems to me that is all that is necessary. It makes no difference with your real self, and I know they are more than pleased with you."

She looked at him gratefully as he continued: "You know that if Mr. and Mrs. Howard thought it necessary or a point of honor, they would have told me and probably my parents. They have said nothing, and therefore, dear, can you not trust in their love and experience?"

"I do not mean to make it hard for you, Thornton, you have been so good to me. But it is hard for me sometimes as much as I love Mr. and Mrs. Howard. All to-day as they completed the arrangements for to-morrow, I

would keep thinking that to-morrow was my wedding day, and my mother, my own mother, where was she? I wondered wherever she was if she were thinking of me. If she knew, would she be glad for me? Somehow, Thornton, I do not know why, but I have always thought that I would have loved my mother best. I—Oh, I wish, I knew where she is to-night."

He did not interrupt her, excepting to lay his cheek softly upon her hand for a moment.

"To think, Thornton, that I will probably never see her, never know who she was, nor what she was," she almost whispered now. "I think I would rather have been poor, and worked hard always and have known the truth than to have everything luxurious and carry this doubt always."

"Margaret, I know just how hard this must be for you. I have tried to place myself in your position over and over again. I have never given much thought to religion, but it seems to me that there are many things that one simply must trust to higher hands. We cannot hope to understand all things. When we cannot understand we must trust. The world would go mad if it had nothing to anchor to. Do not spoil your life and mine by grieving over that for which you are not in the least responsible. There must be purpose, a wisdom in it all. Think of how much happiness your existence has brought into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Howard. Loving children as they do, their home would have been desolate without you. When you grow morbid I want you to think of all these things. If one counts up everything the good features always overbalance the bad in life." Thornton spoke very earnestly and his words brought comfort to the heart of the girl.

Perhaps he was right, she thought, and perhaps she did have the right to

be happy. Margaret possessed as great a capacity for happiness as she did for suffering. She looked into his face. He seemed so strong and brave and earnestness sat well upon the young face. Could she not trust him wholly? She longed to be happy.

Thornton watched her face closely, for he felt that if he could once conquer every fear her future happiness would be safe with him. When he told her that he longed for nothing so much as for her happiness, it was true. Margaret's personality added to the pathos of her history appealed to him strongly. He found himself wondering what her nationality or her parentage could have been, she was so wholly unlike any type of girl with which he was familiar.

Her nature was so intense and her temperament so ardent that the possibilities for her own happiness and his were vast if only he could remove the shadow. He measured her pain when she suffered by the intensity of her happiness the days when she had yielded wholly to happiness.

"Margaret, it is almost time for me to leave you. I want to feel that I leave you happy this last night before our marriage. Think of it, dear! To-morrow is our wedding day, and then will follow days, weeks, months, years of life together. You believe me, don't you, Margaret, when I say that I mean never to falter one hour even in my resolution to make you happy? What better is there for man to do than to make glad always the heart of the woman he loves?"

"And just as I am you love me?" she asked softly. She did not doubt his answer, but it was dear to her to know that he loved her even when he knew all that she knew of her life.

"Love you? Do you ask me if I love you? How can I tell you how much?" He grew almost pale as he half rose

and leaning nearer to her he touched the deep red rose caught in the folds of lace on her gown.

"Every rose that has ever bloomed massed together cannot compare with my love for you. I have no words to tell you. It seems strange when one's heart is full that words take wings and fly away. But here to-night I vow that you shall never regret trusting your future to me. What more can I say than that, Margaret? Now will you not believe that what you have told me, excepting for the pain it has brought to your dear heart and the tears to your eyes, is as nothing to me. Have faith in me, dear. Oh, have faith in me, that from your faith I may gather strength to be the man I am ambitious to be."

His words, his voice, his attitude thrilled the very soul of her he loved. All her doubts that things might happen that could dim his love, every trace of sorrow or apprehension broke and disappeared as the last cloud after a storm and the horizon of her life became cloudless and serene.

An exquisite tenderness was in her face as she leaned over him and softly pressed a kiss upon his forehead. "Dear Thornton, you are so dear to me. May I never disappoint you. I can say nothing more to-night, but good-by until we meet to-morrow."

As he left the house, lightly closing the door after him, he wondered if there could live a man so happy, so rich in love as he. And he thought of this again the next evening when, with Margaret, he took the east bound train for their future home. He did not regret that Judge and Mrs. Terrill remained in Detroit for a few days of sight-seeing.

The day following the wedding Mrs. Terrill and Mrs. Howard went for a drive while the Judge remained at home to attend to his mail. As he

seated himself in the library to look over the letters and papers that had accumulated in the past twenty-four hours, he was surprised to find one postmarked "Detroit."

It was in a woman's handwriting. Was it intuition that caused his usually steady hand to tremble? He opened the letter slowly. He glanced first at the signature. As he realized its full import the letter dropped from his hand, and with a shudder as though he had received a nervous shock, he leaned back in his chair as one stunned.

CHAPTER XXIII

Everett Terrill was not a coward, either morally or physically, and during his eventful life he had, upon many an occasion, proved the truth of this assertion. He had been called upon to face death more than once. That he was morally a brave man more than one person had had excellent reason to remember always. Still as he leaned back in his chair trying to summon courage to read the letter before him, he felt that he was a coward.

Indeed, could he have foreseen the events that were to take place in the twenty-four hours following his son's departure for the East it is doubtful if there was anything that could have prevented him from leaving Detroit immediately after the ceremony. There are many who would have justified him in doing so.

When he read the name signed with a flourish to the letter it is not strange that he shuddered and his face blanched. "Mrs. J. Irving Marshall"—this was the name, and he had not seen it for years.

"What can the woman want," he muttered to himself, and could scarcely bear to read the letter. She had gone wholly out of his life, and if

he could have one dominant desire it was that he might never lay eyes upon her again. She was the only person in the world he despised. He had always from the first blamed her more than her daughter in what had at one time bid fair to become a tragedy in his life. Many a tragedy is the outcome of a loveless marriage.

At that time he had thought much upon Beatrice's character. He could appreciate the power Mrs. Marshall held over her, since in a measure she was weak and easily swayed.

Time softens all things, and he had long ago learned to think of Beatrice with sympathy. Mildred's charity toward mankind was one of her sweetest traits. Since she judged Beatrice with the greatest charity and always spoke of her pityingly, Everett had grown to do likewise.

And now, after this long lapse of years, to be confronted by the woman who had once betrayed his confidence! He felt the impulse to destroy the letter without reading it. And then he decided whatever it might contain it would be safer for him to know. After reading it slowly through he knew why, even as he began to read it, he hesitated as one hesitates to face an unseen foe.

He read:

"Everett Terrill:—I stand before you to-day, in imagination at least, with eyes ablaze with triumph. At last I am revenged. Do you think for one moment that I have ever lost trace of you through all these years? Or do you think that I have lost sight of the nameless child whom, though you knew of its existence, you have scorned? Had my daughter not confessed upon her deathbed that she loved you I might have watched you less zealously. I might even—well no matter what. I vowed because I loved her and she loved you that you would regret the day that you cast aside her love. And now, when you

have read the following and know the truth, I shall have accomplished my purpose. I recognized your son a few months ago at Hotel Eunice by an unmistakable likeness to your face. And when he rose and walked from the dining room I knew I had made no mistake. I noted whom he was with, and a certain possibility flashed through my mind and almost stifled me with joy. I could have gone to him and opened his eyes and warned him,—ah yes!—All summer I have watched with happy eyes his growing attachment. Do you know, Everett Terrill, who the girl is that your son yesterday married? Who is she whom you kissed farewell at the station, and to whom you whispered, "my daughter"? She is the nameless child born long ago in St. Louis. She was placed in ———Home in Chicago. One year later she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Howard, and has since borne their name. I gladly enclose papers giving you the absolute proof of my statement. 'The sins of the father shall be visited upon the sons even unto the third and fourth generation.' May every evil trait of her father crop out. I long for her to make your son suffer, and through him you shall suffer. You are a proud man, Everett Terrill, and no better way could I be revenged. To me revenge is sweet.

"Mrs. J. Irving Marshall."

The letter and papers fell from the hands of the man and he sat as one turned to stone. What a Judas was this woman!

Thornton, the idol of his father, his first born, married to one who came of such stock as Margaret. He saw clearly now what had so held his attention in her face. It was not that she resembled her mother. But it was those marvellous dark eyes, shaped peculiarly like her grandmother's. He wondered now why he had not thought immediately of Mrs. Marshall, for he had never seen other eyes so shaped. But the sweet seriousness, the brooding tenderness of Margaret's eyes had made them beautiful while the older woman's were too often the contrary.

Judge Terrill's face grew very grave, for his mind was full of doubt. While he believed thoroughly in the refining influence of education and culture, still to him it was a question whether the effects of birth can be wholly obliterated. What might Margaret not have inherited from the heartless man—the villain who could so wrong her mother?

Was he, Everett Terrill, to be compelled after all these years to be confronted constantly by the face of one who might daily grow more and more like her mother in feature at least? The memory of the past was painful to him.

What could he do? Should he confide in Mildred and ask her council? Should he warn Thornton that he might thus be upon his guard in the future? He felt that he was stifling in-doors, and rising he took his hat and left the house. He walked slowly towards the suburbs, where he might be alone to think.

The wind blew gently against the heated cheeks of the man as though trying to help him, and by its light caress to express sympathy for him in his perplexity.

'Tis well that one can forget, for with all her sweetness memory can likewise be remorseless. He wished that he could remember nothing, and yet a hundred memories crowded each other for supremacy in his thoughts.

The winter's night years ago—the glowing grate fire—the delicious languor, he felt it all again. He tried to walk more briskly and shake off the impression that Beatrice's melancholy eyes were riveted upon him. He cannot. He feels them coming nearer—again she kneels at his side. Her eyes are dazzling his, and unconsciously just as he did that night years ago he closes his eyes to escape hers. From

the weight of his anxiety his head felt heavy. What a hideous fancy that he was again upon the couch and that he drew the girl carelessly to him, as in fancy her head drooped again to his breast. He started horribly. He walked even faster. He was determined to escape the vivid fancies that were unmercifully pursuing him. Then trooped back to memory the hideous weeks that followed. His face grew dark, for it seemed to his keen imagination that he was living them all again instead of walking down a quiet street in Detroit.

What should he do? Was he not justified in summarily dealing with the woman who pursued his destiny like an evil spirit? But she was a woman, and how could he lift his hand against a woman?

As the sun breaks through a rift in the clouds, so light came to him and shone through the shadows that had clouded his face but a moment before. Memory in its enforced march had finally reached the sudden termination of his life in St. Louis. Again he took the journey south and lived his first quiet year in Savannah. And then, oh blessed memory! There dawned into his life a new day with the advent of Mildred. Mildred—Mildred, with the thought of her came a thousand sweet fancies. His blood quickened, his eyes grew brighter, his step more elastic.

Just as he had relieved his dreary life in St. Louis, so now did fancy lead him again through the flower bordered paths in Savannah. The ideally happy years with her repaid a thousand fold for every hour of suffering that had gone before. Her very life had proved love in its highest and best sense. She had lived love, and what fairer tribute can be paid to womanhood.

Everett had always made a confi-

dent of Mildred, and now he longed to go to her and seek her sympathy and ask her advice in this new trouble. And yet after all her years of faithfulness was it quite right to do so? How could it help but pain her to look into Margaret's face, knowing who she was and what was her history? Would it not be infinitely better for her to remain in ignorance of the unfortunate circumstances surrounding her birth and learn to love Margaret simply for her own many lovable traits?

Even between those with whom secrets do not habitually exist, even when love reaches its highest state between man and wife, there must arise questions like this one where the solution is that ignorance is better than knowledge.

After all, what good could result from his reviving sad memories with Mildred, or why darken Thornton's heart with forebodings? Loving Margaret, Thornton had married her. Their faces as he last saw them as the train slowly faded from view were full of happiness of the present, and hopefulness for the future. He reasoned

that he would be heartless, cruel, to place even the possibility of a barrier between the young husband and wife.

The fact that Beatrice had loved him had made her mother relentless in her efforts to bring him misery. This knowledge that she had loved him and had died in pain and sorrow with the confession of her love for him upon her lips, now softened his heart towards the innocent girl who had married his son.

What though he did suffer each time that he looked into her face, he thought it was far better for him to bear alone the suspense and the anxiety. What better work could he have than to foster every good trait in Margaret, and to help build up her character? Having arrived at this conclusion, he started towards home.

As far as Judge Terrill himself was concerned Margaret to her own family and to all who came in contact with her, would be what she appeared to be. The secret of her birth would never be disclosed by him. Mrs. J. Irving Marshall's letter had failed in its mission.

(To be concluded next month)

A STORM BY THE SEA

On and on in a frenzied hurry,

The storm clouds drive across the sky,

A sullen calm broods o'er the ocean,

And a single gull makes a plaintive cry.

The dark blue green of the peaceful sea,

Changes to black as the storm draws near,

And the summer sun like a golden disk,

Hangs high in the thickening atmosphere.

All nature breathlessly awaits,

The storm king coming in his might,

And the single gull to a creviced rock,

Now fearfully takes its flight.

With a sudden fury the storm is here,

At the curse of the wind great waves arise,

To prove the strength of the slumbering sea,

While swords of lightning rend the skies.

A. H.

BOOK BABBLINGS

The Reason for Popularity

By Helen Ray Kent

THE "King's Jackal" lay face downward on the broad leather sofa in the library in a most uncomfortable, and rather unbecoming position.

"I wish boys knew how to treat books with any sort of respect," he remarked in an injured and somewhat muffled voice.

"Tom tossed me down here in the most uncereemonious fashion you can imagine, after remarking most rudely that I was N. G. Considering that I am not his property; and that Miss Mary is extremely fond of me, as well as everything else by my celebrated author, his treatment was very inconsiderate, to say the least. I don't wish to complain, but my poor back is in danger of breaking."

"That's the penalty of being popular," interposed the "Landlord At Lion's Head," rather spitefully for so colorless a volume.

Several of the books nudged each other at this, while the more well-bred lifted their eye-brows,—that is to say their titles,—in quiet amusement. Mr. Howell's growing dissatisfaction at being rather pushed aside by his younger contemporaries, was well-known on the shelves.

"It must be trying to be the 'American Representative Man of Letters'—and have nobody read you," whispered "The Houseboat on the Styx" to "Search Light Letters."

"Still he needn't be quite so sarcastic over 'Dear Dickey's' failure to be himself plus Anthony Hope. Poor little 'Jackal!' I'm sorry for him. It

must be trying not to come up to the standard of your brothers and sisters. He's not in the same class even with 'Aline,' or 'The Soldiers.' What's that?" he added, addressing a volume in dark leather near by.

Silence fell like a mantle over the shelves as "That Fortune" remarked in the gentle tone for which Mr. Warner's books were noted: "O! I was only trying to comfort the 'Jackal' and make him forget his troubles by asking some of you what you think really makes a book popular? Makes it the fashion, I mean. Let us each give the reason that seems most obvious to us. You begin, Richard, you are—to use the pat expression—'the latest.'"

Mr. Carvel, thus addressed, replied in that beautiful style for which many had likened him to "Lorna Doone"—and indeed, the sympathetic understanding between the two was so great that their engagement was already rumored in the library—

"Of course, I am hardly a judge, sir; for I have yet to stand the test of Father Time; but from my humble experience it appears to me that to be popular one needs only to be active, and attractive. That is, one must be well dressed; not written in a careless, slap-dash fashion: and must do something. I do not include the historical in my definition, though in my own case the great personages moving through my pages have been undoubtedly my greatest attraction."

"Isn't it positively refreshing to hear a really modest man speak?"

whispered "Penelope's Progress" to "Tiverton Tales." "I do hope he and that dear Doone creature will announce their betrothal soon, or I shall burst my Scotch plaid covers in anxiety over it."

Here the silence brought to her attention the fact that the courteous "Maryland Cavalier" had waited for her, and she blushed a deeper scarlet as he continued:

"But so many succeed without them that I believe the really primary condition is to have a story to tell,—and tell it. Yes; beauty, but especially action, would be my formula."

"Foorce rules the world," commented Mr. Dooley, to the delight of his neighbors, next taking up the thread of discussion. The quaint Irishman was a great favorite among his companions.

"Although I don't like him to talk too much," "Windfalls of Observation" had said once, "For one gets worn out laughing."

The philosopher to-day, however, was content with few words.

"Divle a bit do people care phat it is that makes thim happy as long as they are so, Hinnissey, and wid most of thim, a laugh does the business foive toime as quick as anything else in the world—unless it's whiskey. I spake from me own expayrience, moind. Most folks don't. They can tell all about their naybors' business, and manage it bether than he does, ivery toime—when they ain't got it!

"People has throuble enough wid other things, so whin they sits down to rade they wants a divarsion. I tuck in a bit of the other side now and then, so they'll know Oi'm no fool and have seen thim both. But in the main, Oi tickle thim under the ribs. As a raysult Oim that handed about that me cover looks loike an impresionistic landscape. Begobs! 'tis been

pressed. And Miss Mary said yister-day that her heart wud be broke intirely if me younger brother 'In the Hearts of His Countrymen' wasn't born soon. A laugh does the business!"

As the ripple of merriment at this speech died away, a fervid, melancholy-looking volume, in dark garnet, with spectral gold trimmings, said, severely, from the top shelf:

"That may be your opinion, sir. I question no man's right to his honest convictions; but as I boast a sale of even larger numbers than you, may I not with equal fitness advance my views? Ah! my friends; suffering, agony, trial, emotion, sin, misery, love, passion, are the things that make us universal."

"Quite a prescription," commented the "Club of One," sarcastically.

"Worse than any of my doctor's, even." But no one appeared to hear his plaintive murmur, as "The Christian" went on, excitedly: "Yes! to feel, to throb, to burn, to glow, to pulsate, to—"

"Work one's self into a frenzy?" queried "The Rough Riders," in a rather disgusted tone, anxious to cut off farther hysteria, and not at all averse to occupying the centre of the stage—a position which he undeniably became.

"No one believes more in life—virility—than I do. But you overdo the thing, Caine. People can't live keyed up to your pitch all the time. And then you're too gloomy. I tell you, to succeed, to be popular in books, or anywhere else, one must be an optimist: an out-and-out fighter, with an uncrushed spirit, full of good red blood, and ready to die for one's country."

"Or come home and be Governor of New York, eh?" put in Mr. Dooley, slyly, to the delight of his hearers.

"Yes, an eternal optimist. The will of the people and the might of the right always conquer in this country. Thank God," concluded the patriotic Colonel, midst a burst of applause. "Teddy" always took himself seriously, and was one of the most popular fellows in the library.

"Don't forget Love," suggested "When Knighthood was in Flower," with a romantic expression. "After all's said and done, what is the best thing life has to offer? The memory that lasts longest and is sweetest? Love not only beautifies and enriches life, but it is the lever that makes man a force in the universe. Sift the motives of ninety-nine men out of a hundred down to a fine point, and you'll find that love for some woman is at the bottom of his course. Then think what a dreary desert this world would be without it. Yes; in the language of one whose experiences fell in another age than mine, which, by the by, proves that my definition is right, as it stands the test of Time—'Tis Love that makes the world go round.'"

"Wal," piped a thin, rather nasal voice, which instantly commanded attention. "I dunno's I've any business to advance *my* views in this discussion. 'Tain't exactly what you'd call literary. But I've got considerable sense of the horse variety;" here David winked knowingly at his nearest neighbor, who happened to be a volume of Andrew Lang.

"Mr. Harum's a delightful fellow," observed the Englishman, aside, to "The Two Magics." "So different and clever from us. So American, you know. Oh! I beg pardon. I

always think of you as an Englishman."

And silence again reigned for a moment, when David resumed, slowly:

"And I guess that bein' a little grain of everything: sympathetic, and understandin' folks, amusin' 'em, and makin' 'em feel, too, is the main thing.

"Now I've done tolerable well in the line of bein' pop'lar."

"Two hundred thousand copies," sniffed "The Failure of Popular Government," impatiently. Mr. Bradford naturally resented anything, however insignificant, that contradicted his theories.

"And alas! fiction, too—"

"Do be still," begged Senator Lodge, from the leaves of his "History of Our War with Spain," frowning at his political opponent.

And Mr. Harum once more continued, pleasantly: "Folks like to laugh—most o' the time; and they want to know that there's somethin' else besides fun in life, too. Human natur's a pretty curious mixture. Some folks has more human in 'em, and others more natur'; and then agen it's purty evenly balanced. The nigher you get to people's hearts *and* heads, the more pop'lar you are."

"That's it, exactly," said a rich, earnest voice, after a moment's silence,

"And each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing, as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are."

Just then, as if she knew that the final verdict had been rendered by "The Master," Miss Mary entered the library for the morning's study; and quiet reigned once more among the books.



A Glance at New Books



Conducted by Helen Asbley Jones

"FATHER GOOSE—HIS BOOK"

MOST of us who are not too old—or too young—to feel a reminiscent pleasure in the little things that brightened childhood hours, can easily recall the avidity with which we seized upon the "Mother Goose" book, and what a never-ending fund of amusement lurked within its covers. And we cannot but rejoice that the children of to-day have been given a companion volume in "Father Goose—His Book." Mr. L. Frank Baum sets forth a great number of pleasant conceits in jingling rhyme that cannot fail to endear itself to the hearts of those for whom it is intended, and the illustrations, by Mr. Wm. W. Denslow, are a mine of delightful surprises. It is one of the successes of the year in this branch of literature, and no Christmas list would seem quite complete without it. Geo. M. Hill Co., Chicago.

"TROOPER 3809"

"**T**ROOPER 3809" is an interesting and instructive book; but it is doubtful if it would have attracted

such widespread attention, had it not been for the world-wide interest in the Dreyfus case. The author, Mr. Lionel Decke, who has been a contributor to various magazines, was born in France in 1859, and has himself served in the French army as a volunteer. Mr. Decke makes the most of his revolting story and experiences; and we must remember that he is writing of army life twenty years ago, although in the main facts it is undoubtedly true of militarism of to-day. The debasing effects of the iron-bound red tape system of a large standing army are vividly described; and as the author regretfully says of Dreyfus: "The case is unfortunately but a magnified example of what daily happens in the French army."

"Daily happens" is, of course, exaggerated; but the fact is incontrovertible that the French disinclination for honest industrial life and their eagerness for official or government positions—in brief, their superfluity—has been the cause of the nation's present predicament. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.

TWO BOOKS BY E. F. BENSON

MR. E. F. BENSON, the clever young author of "Dodo," has recently put forth two other novels of English or London life: "The Rubicon," and "Mammon & Co." Mr. Benson's evident familiarity; nay, rather part in the life of which he writes, gives a reality to his work which makes it extremely interesting. Indeed, the author, himself, as he appears between the lines—sometimes sarcastic, sometimes humorous, sometimes sincere—is vastly more attractive than most of his characters.

"The Rubicon" is rather unhealthy in motif: a young, unsophisticated girl marrying to escape monotony at home, or for the sake of new sensations.

It is undeniably true that persons marrying escape monotony for a while; at least, a year or two; but that this should be the only object of a well-bred, reasonably responsible woman, is to attribute the sex with a grossness of nature which makes one wince. One likes to believe that even in the circle of so-called "smart" society, most people wed because of some liking for one another. However, as in those very circles any real feeling or emotion is tabooed as vulgar; and a languid ennui about life and its interests, affected or real, seems to be deemed the essence of good breeding, the tale is the more lifelike.

The heroine's cold-blooded shallowness, and infatuation for her young lover are carefully drawn; and the suicide at the close of the story, when remorse over her husband's death makes her desperate, is eminently in keeping. Of true regret, and a nobly amended life she is incapable; and her end is exactly what one is constantly meeting in the columns of suicides in the daily papers.

"Mammon & Co.," while differing as to plot, is very like its predecessor. The style is more finished; and there are descriptive passages of real merit. In this tale Mr. Benson carries his art of writing conversation to a high degree. The book teems with witty remarks and asides. Here, also, one finds more stinging comments on the tragedy of a superficial existence than in "The Rubicon," or even "Dodo." For example:

"He and Kit had been married some seven years and had no children, a privation for which they were touchingly thankful. They had, both of them, quite sufficient responsibilities, or to speak more precisely, liabilities." And, "Chronic conditions, for the most part, tend to cease being actually felt; and both she and Jack would far sooner have had a couple of thousand pounds in hand, and fifty thousand pounds in debt, than not to have owed or owned a penny."

Mr. Benson sees the vices, follies and pleasures of a mundane existence with unusually keen vision, and writes exceedingly well of them. Both stories should tend to make the majority of readers, who are necessarily in another circle, more contented with their own lots in life. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ANOTHER "DOOLEY" BOOK

"MARTIN DOOLEY, in the Hearts of His Countrymen," which appeared in October, was eagerly awaited by the thousands who have enjoyed Mr. Dunne's delightful and pungent wit. Rumor has it that he is to give us a companion or rival to Martin, in one Molly Donahue, mentioned in an old sketch, "The New Woman." If he create a feminine type as good as Mr. Dooley, Mr. Dunne will be indeed fortunate. Small, Maynard & Co.

"DUTCH AND QUAKER COLONIES."

IN his "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Professor John Fiske has approached very closely to what we might call a popularly written history. This author has the too rare faculty in a historian of being extremely fascinating almost always, and in this recent work he demonstrates more forcibly than usual, that history may be made as entertaining as the most interesting fiction, with the added advantage of acquiring knowledge of a valuable and necessary kind. With here and there a flash of wit, and a humorous view of things, the book, nevertheless, lacks much of the dignity of his former works. There is a carelessness of diction and a tendency towards a common phrasing, which always mars a book, regardless of subject, and makes it suffer in comparison with such works as Douglas Campbell's, with whom he frequently disagrees. This history follows "The Beginnings of New England," a book widely known, and can be read with much greater interest after having read the former, as it then enables us to understand more readily the collision and blending of the English and Dutch during the beginnings of this country. While the first volume is devoted to the Dutch, the second is about that quaint and much abused sect, the Quakers, showing to the full, Penn's humane, reasonable and Christian policy towards the Indians; his friendship with James the Second, and the different views historians have given us of this gentle, kindly man. Altogether the book is worthy of great attention, as it has so many of the necessary qualifications of a reliable history, accuracy, unprejudiced mind, strong outlines of leading men, and graphic descriptions of important events. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AN APPROPRIATE SOUVENIR EDITION

THE Bowen Merrill Company take rank as one of the most successful American publishers of history. This firm have gotten out a souvenir edition of "When Knighthood was in Flower," to celebrate the one hundred thousandth of this popular novel, which has so won itself into the hearts and homes of the American people. The book, which has been previously reviewed in these pages, has certainly a unique, picturesque history. A brief sketch of the author, Charles Major (Edward Carroden) is given, and the christening of the novel was no doubt an important factor in its history. This is the era of revival for historical novels and the souvenir edition of "Knighthood" fittingly commemorates the epoch.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

AS announced last month, we publish below a list of the very recent books published, which appear to have bounded into public approval. There may be others published that will later "grow" in favor, as mere circumstances or newly discovered force may be discovered; but these books are already in public favor from the best reports to be obtained from our observation.

- "The Black Wolf's Breed," Harris Dickson.
- "The Puritan Republic," Daniel Walt Howe. The Bowen Merrill Co.
- "The Circle of a Century," Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co.
- "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen," Small, Maynard & Co.
- "When Rogues Fall Out," Joseph Hatton.
- "Bohemian Paris of To-day," Morrow and Cucuel. Lippincott & Co.
- "Leo Dayne," Margaret A. Kellogg. J. H. West & Co.
- "Recollections of an Old Musician," Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co.
- "The King's Mirror," Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co.
- "Spanish Peggy," Mary H. Catherwood. H. S. Stone & Co.
- "The Other Fellow," F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN

John George Thomas Polk Dundreary
Is a genius mercenary;
So much so, he makes me weary
With his schemes.
He would find a plan to flay you,
In a manner stop, waylay you,
'Spite your screams.

He owed bills to everybody,
For his board, his smokes, his toddy,
E'en the ring he gave to Maudie—
Generous man!
Lived for years on borrowed money,
Tongue as smooth and sweet as honey:
How it ran!

Here's the way he fleeced his debtors,
Made them helpless, mute abettors;
Stopped the flow of dunning letters—
Even more.
Started into bike repairing—
Tacks are cheap? We stopped, loud
swearing,
At his store.

'Fore the season half had ended,
We, by his account expended
Bills, of figures long and splendid,
For repair;
Showed a great big balance due him,
Had to give our cycles to him,
To get square.

Percie W Hart

WHAT TOM SAID ABOUT IT

OF course if you are in love with a girl, and as good as engaged to her, you have to give her a Christmas present. It may not be good form, but it is good policy. And Tom Morgan had always given Maude Steinhammer pretty nice presents. In fact he usually began to save for it about July first, but this year he was fool enough to buy a watch. It was a good watch, solid gold, with his monogram engraved on the glittering case, and he was very proud of it, but Christmas found him without funds, and Maude to be remembered. So he pawned it, and bought a pretty lace pin for Maude and sent it "with best wishes and love." Maude was tickled nearly to death over it. She was such a dear girl, anyway, and he always wore her picture near his heart. At least, it was pasted in the case of his watch, and that is near enough for any practical purpose. He had some scruples about pawning Maude, but she was pasted in good and solid, so she was laid away in Solomon Levi's safe with the watch. Only temporarily, remember.

Christmas eve, Tom parted his hair in the middle, put on his red striped tie and viewed himself in his

glass. His vest pained him. It was too dead, too black. He missed the glitter of his watch chain. It relieved the dullness of the black vicuna. So he put a few keys on the chain to hold the watchless end in his pocket, gave his tie a last pat, and went out. He had a call to make at Maude's house.

As he stepped on the car, the conductor noticed the chain.

"Say mister," he said, "Gimme the time, will you? my watch ain't runnin' to-night."

Tom smiled sickly.

"Sorry," he said, "neither is mine."

The conductor laughed.

"Christmas breaks us all up, don't it?" he said.

Tom haughtily buttoned up his coat.

It was bad enough to have to pawn his watch, without having it patent to the world. As he entered the car, every one glanced at him. He felt that they must have heard the words of the low fellow. He felt as if he was plastered over with pawn-tickets. He felt—but he soon forgot his shame in thoughts of the pleasure of meeting Maude. The car seemed to creep. When at length it reached his destination, he knew he must be late.

Unconsciously he drew from his pocket—a bunch of keys. An old lady and a sedate old man smiled. He saw a small boy nudge his mother.

His face burned, and he left the car feeling like a criminal.

But Maude, dear Maude, soon chased away his cares. There was a bunch of mistletoe on the hall light, and he smothered her thanks for the lace pin—some way. She didn't care, not a bit. Nice girl, Maude.

So thoughtful, too. She meant to have a good long evening with him, she said. Pa and ma had retired already.

"And you know they can hear the parlor clock strike, and always scold

me the next morning about how late you stay? Well, I've stopped the clock so they can't hear it. We don't need it because you have your watch."

Tom smiled, sickly. He felt so; very. If Maude knew he had pawned his watch! Oh, holy Moses!

Maude was such a dear, affectionate little thing. She liked to snuggle up to a fellow, and investigate his coat pockets, and look to see if her picture was still in his watch. She had so many nice little ways! Talk about diplomacy! Tallyrand would have died of chagrin had he seen Tom's artful efforts to keep Maude at arm's length.

There was one pocket in which he always carried some dainty little breath perfumers and she had a pretty habit of finding them. A cold chill crept up his back, when he remembered he had put the pawn-ticket in that pocket.

"Mama gave papa a watch for Christmas," said Maude artlessly, "and I believe it is the living image of yours. They are so pretty."

Tom wriggled.

"Not half so pretty as some eyes I know," he said, and she hid them.

But she didn't forget the watch.

"I wonder what time it is," she said presently.

"Oh, it's early yet," he said, and added reproachfully, "but if you are tired, I'll go home."

"Oh no!" she cried, "I didn't mean that. I only wondered," and then she added, "I believe you are afraid to show it to me because you have some other girl's photo in it."

"Why Maude!" he exclaimed, "you know that is not so, I have only yours."

"I want to see," she pouted.

"Look in the mirror," he said, "and you'll see a prettier face than any photograph could be."

He was very uneasy. He looked at the clock constantly, hoping it was late enough to go, but the clock was stopped. Once he thoughtlessly reached for his watch, and shuddered as he remembered in time. He talked rapidly and with forced brilliancy. He did cake-walks and pranced around the room so that he would not have to sit near her. He made a speech, and mimicked all the popular actors. He felt himself all kinds of a fool. Maude seemed surprised.

At length he announced that he must go. He felt he must go or go crazy.

Maude rose.

"Wait just one minute," she said, and she vanished into the back room. She was back in a moment bearing a dainty little parcel wrapped in pink tissue.

"It's so hard to know what to give a boy," she said. "I tried and tried to think of something you would like, and then I thought I would make you this. I made it myself, Tom, and I do hope you'll like it." She laid it softly in his hand. "With all the good wishes in the world, old boy," she said.

"May I look at it now?" he asked, fondling it. "Yes," she said, "I wish you would. I'm so afraid it isn't the right size. I wish you would try it and see."

He smiled as he gently undid the wrapper as carefully as a mother might handle a sick babe, while Maude waited tremulously for his first word of pleasure.

Then his brow contracted, and he gasped convulsively.

It was a neatly embroidered chamois-skin case for his watch.

He gazed at it blankly a minute, and then he said what you would have said had you been in his place.

Ellis Parker Butler

BABY'S WAY

Everything's in the baby's way
Whenever she wants to run and play;
It's either a chair, a table or door,
Or clutter all over the playroom floor.
When she starts to run she gets a bump,
And we have to kiss her forehead
plump,
And start her off with a smile to play,
And clear things out of the baby's
way.

Everything's in the baby's way,
She wants her do and she wants her say.
She wants to do the things which are
wrong,
And her will, each day it grows more
strong,
And we try so gently to guide her
right,
And ask the Father of all for light;
But to her who wants her do and say
Everything seems in the baby's way.

Everything's in the baby's way,
From morning till night, so babies say;
And so they are cross and fretful too,
And do the things they oughtn't to do,
And their ways are not our ways at all,
And so they must cry and scold and
fall;

But we turn a hundred times a day
And smile because it is baby's "way."

Joe Cone

THE OLD-FASHIONED KISS

THE smack of the old-fashioned kiss is no more. Its honest heartiness, its overt frankness and directness, its rotund mutuality and sonorous emphasis are among the memories of a sincerer and less sophisticated age than this. The kiss that passed between Rueben and Polly while playing "King William" or struggling over a blood-red ear of corn, in the good, old days, was as unlike the furtive and confessedly illicit favor snatched by Algernon from Leila in a conservatory

or behind a Japanese screen, as a burst of sunshine is unlike a chemical flashlight. One was as natural and innocuous as life; the other is as unnatural and dangerous as conventionality. "I musn't let you kiss me," thinks Leila, as she makes artful and suggestive eyes at Algernon, "therefore I will!" Polly used to think: "I'm thankful that if Reuben wants to kiss me he may, for he knows it's all right."

It must have been delightful to live in those primitive times when one couldn't go to a party or a corn-husking or a sugaring-off or a picnic without coming into repeated and blissful contact with a pair of young and rosy lips, just as eager for the sweet concussion as one's own. It was not a question then, whether one could steal a kiss and get away with it and gloat over it like an adroit and nimble-fingered knave who has plucked a watch out of a lady's belt. Kisses were for the taking. They were not contraband of sentiment, as now, but free goods to be exported and imported as one had the inclination and opportunity. Any excuse would do for a medium of exchange; and society took care to provide plenty of general coin of this kind in a varied and endless assortment of kissing-games, wherein one had but to choose a fair one and kneel with her upon a cushion in order to have free and even obligatory access to her rosy lips.

And yet we do not find that the old-fashioned free trade kiss introduced any demoralizing element into the commerce of true affection, in those days. Our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers not only recognized but felt the difference between the corn-husking and apple-paring kiss and the kiss that meant thereafter a gold-plated betrothal ring and perpetual mutuality in spruce gum. Once this supremely blissful kiss had been

exchanged, the free favors of the husking-bee and the osculatory game lost their charm. Thenceforth for Reuben and Polly there were only two pair of lips in the whole world of youth and yearning. They abstained from "Copenhagen," fled from the ardent advances of "King William," and sat together in cosy corners where the spluttering candles made shadows under [the hay-mow or behind the door. Preliminary osculation was no more than a pleasant process of sampling, before one should choose the abiding sweet for the cup of life.

Why not, then, restore the old-fashioned kiss, does the eager reader ask, and let us all stampede tumultuously to the ranks of the indulgent "King William?" Ah, gentle reader! why not restore the loaded musket to the choleric and opinionated Puritan churchman, and spiced rum to the parson's sideboard? Why not restore the bloom to the peach after it has been rubbed? We have gone too far in the other direction. We have said, "Thou shalt not kiss," and therefore we must not kiss. We have imposed a ban, and we must live under the ban. If we could unlive the life and undo the deeds of our prurient modern age, there might still be a sweet and innocent osculatory communism in vogue. But we can't do it, alas! So let us wave a sad farewell to the old-fashioned kiss.

James Buckham

THE MISTLETOE'S SPELL

Under the mistletoe laughing eyes
Flash me a challenging greeting;
While pouting lips—enticingly near—
Warn me that time is fleeting.

The kiss I take weaves round me a spell
Of sly Cupid's artful contriving:
A willing captive—no wish to escape—
I am held in its toils—never striving.

Maitland Leroy Osborne



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR OCTOBER

First Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

Second Prize: Wilfred C. Roszel, 3 South Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Third Prize: Elvie Kilmer, New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

Fourth Prize: Emeline H. Mann, 1603 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN OCTOBER

(There was no absolutely correct set of answers for October, but the prizes are awarded, as usual, for general excellence. The paper of Mr. Askowith, who wins the first prize, was embellished with exceedingly spirited drawings that we regret we are unable to reproduce. There were portraits of Goldsmith, Beranger, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, admirably done, and a clever illustration of the power of the sword over the church—the latter represented by the bishop's crook.)

Literature

1. At the close of his last holidays, then a lad of nearly seventeen, Oliver Goldsmith left home for Edgeworthstown, on a borrowed hack and with a guinea in his pocket. He rode slowly in order to enjoy his journey, and nightfall found him in the town of Ardagh, two or three miles out of the direct road. With a lofty, condescending air he inquired of a man who happened to be a wag, the way to the town's best house of entertainment. The man directed him to Squire Featherston's great mansion as the "best

house." Oliver went into the parlor and ordered his supper of the Squire, who saw his mistake but proposed to humor it. After supper Oliver ordered a bottle of wine, and in a patronizing way, invited the Squire and his family to partake. On going to bed, he ordered a hot cake for breakfast, and it was not until after this latter meal that the Squire disclosed the truth to him. This incident is said to be the foundation of the play written by him in after years, entitled, "She Stoops to Conquer." (This answer was given by Wilfred C. Roszel.)

2. Pierre Jean de Beranger (1780—1857), a celebrated French poet, was called the "French Burns" (he resembled him as the "poet of the people") and "the poet of St. Honore." He is also likened to Horace and La Fontaine. Perhaps the greatest proof of his popularity were the crowds that attended his funeral, the expenses of which were paid by the Government. The people cried "Honor to Beranger!" and stood with heads uncovered as the procession passed by. He was buried in the "Pere Lachaise" Cemetery, Paris.

3. The "Ettrick Shepherd" was James Hogg, a Scottish poet, born in the Forest of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, in 1772, and died in 1835. He was a shepherd until thirty years of age, when he began to write poetry. A few of his ballads appeared in Scott's "Border Minstrelsy." His works, the

best of which is "The Queen's Wake," are very numerous.

4. In 1549, Christopher Plantin, the celebrated printer, set up his printing office at Antwerp in the building now called "Museum Plantin-Moretus." On the death of Plantin, the business was carried on by the family of his son-in-law, Moretus. The valuable collection of this house was bought by the city of Antwerp in 1876, for a museum.

5. Before the invention of paper, the bast of certain trees was generally used for writing. The Latin name for bast, *liber* (even now used by some botanists to signify "bast") soon came to mean "book." Hence *livre* (French), a book, and "library," place for books, in English.

Art

Fra Angelico could not paint a crucifix without tears, the sharpness of the anguish which he painted piercing his tender soul as he worked out its details. Others who belonged to the exquisitely religious "weeping" were Sandro Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo, and Lorenzo di Credi. (This satisfactory answer was given by Miss Marietta Matthews, of Worcester.)

2. Tommaso Guidi Masaccio (which means "Lubberly Tom," so called from his dress and manner), who was born in 1402, and died in 1429, was a noted Italian painter, who executed many paintings in Rome and Florence. His wonderful frescoes in the "Brancacci Chapel" in the latter city "form an epoch in painting." They inspired Michael Angelo, Raphael and other great painters.

3. One of the finest paintings of Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517), a Dominican Monk, is that of St. Mark in the Pitti Palace, Florence; he is seated and is holding a Gospel in his hand. A grand-duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand

II., paid \$15,000 for this picture, about 200 years ago.

4. Antonio Bosio, the "Columbus of the Catacombs," devoted his life to personal investigation of the Catacombs at Rome, bringing to light the art of the early Christians in these underground chambers. A huge folio, entitled "Roma Sotterranea," giving the results of his researches, was published in 1632, with plans and engravings.

5. When Sir Joshua Reynolds arrived in Rome, he found that he did not appreciate the paintings of the great masters. He set to work to copy them and try to appreciate them more than he did really. Also, in other places in Italy, whenever he saw some extraordinary effect of light and shade, he copied it exactly in his note-book. He soon found that his first opinion of art was wrong, and he founded a higher standard of art in England when he returned.

(Mr. Roszel, in the following answer, gave the special one desired: Malone records about Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was "so anxious to discover the method used by the Venetian painters, that he destroyed some valuable ancient pictures by rubbing out the various layers of colors in order to investigate and ascertain it." Although it is not probable that he destroyed any ancient work of real value, as he was too keen a student, and also too much of a man of business, he may well have experimented on the "corpus vile" of some inferior school-work.)

General

1. When a slave was freed by the Romans, a small, red cloth cap was placed on his head, and his name was registered in the city tribes. It became the symbol of liberty; and after the death of Caesar, the conspirators marched out with a cap borne before

them on a spear. It was used, also, on other occasions.

2. The "Gates of China" are two rocky islets called the Ladrões, near the south coast of China. They are infested by pirates, who have long defied China, but have lately been checked by the British.

3. "Donnez-vous notre paire de gants" was a famous royalist song during the Hundred Days, sung by the ladies of Paris. It was a pun on "Donnez-vous notre pere de Ghent," referring to Louis XVIII., who was residing at Ghent.

4. The members of the German Reichstag are 397 in number (about one for every 124,505 inhabitants), and are elected by universal suffrage and ballot for the term of five years.

5. The Peace of Westphalia ended the terrible Thirty Years' War between the Catholics and the Protestants of Germany, France and Sweden. By this treaty (1648) France took Elsass, Sweden took Pomerania, and Switzerland and Holland (which had hitherto been united to the German Empire), were separated, and recognized as independent States.

Hyman Askowith.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER

Literature

1. What means did Robert Burns take to get money for leaving Scotland; where did he intend to go, and why did he not go?

2. What very happy thing did Thackeray say of Washington Irving when he (Irving) went abroad?

3. One of our American poets when only nineteen years old, wrote the strongest and finest of his poems.

Who was this, and what was the poem?

4. What was the "Casket Homer?"

5. What was the Bannatyne Club?

Art

1. What was Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth?" Why is it useful to-day, and who owns it?

2. How came Murillo to paint his "Madonna of the Napkin?"

3. Where is Velasquez's famous picture of the "Water-Carrier of Seville," and how came it there?

4. What other great painter beside Raphael lies buried in the Pantheon at Rome?

5. Who was Maria Barbola, who is introduced in one of Velasquez's most celebrated pictures?

General

1. Who laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument, and the presence of what men made the occasion interesting? Who delivered the oration?

2. What was the presidential campaign of 1824 called, and why?

3. What important transfers of territory were made in the Treaty of Paris, 1763? In 1800 and 1803 what happened in regard to Louisiana?

4. What were the Royal Provinces, and why were they so called?

5. What was the London Company?

PRIZES FOR DECEMBER

First Prize: "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill.

Second Prize: "He, She and They," by Charles Lee.

Third Prize: "The Tragedy of Dreyfus," by G. W. Steevens.

Fourth Prize: "Boss Bart, Politician," by Joe M. Chapple.



FROM THE CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

A PILE of books, their ornate covers protected by paper, and their titles concealed, lying on the desk, what a Pandora's box,—what a dammed-up (and possibly down, later) reservoir for good or ill! Little do authors dream of havoc wrought in the still hours of semi-critical contemplation, how much the current of thought may be changed, or the calm surface of a high resolve may be ruffled, even by an inane work, which the path of duty leads up to and into. An odd verse, a cardinal paragraph, a phrase, sometimes one word,—all these are potent factors in the literary field. "A word fitly spoken" in the type which cools, aids the mental digestion far more than would "apples of gold" plucked from the Proverbial "pictures of silver." And the belief comes home to most inquiring minds that there are more words fitly written now than at any time in the world's progress. Read the current publisher's lists of things which may safely be set down as really good, and see if this is not, as *Porte Crayon's* charming cousin used to say, "extremely so."

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"Certain books," says Emerson, "take rank in our lives with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so stringent, so revolutionary are they, . . . and the world is a proud place, with heroes and demi-gods standing about us who will not let us sleep." For those with ears attuned, the bells announcing the advent of worthy themes in book form, toll roundly and often.

Chevalier John Sartain, art student under Varley and Richter, engraver of Ottley's School and the pioneer of mezzo-tint engraving in America, founder of "*Sartain's Magazine*," and benefactor of Edgar Allan Poe, lived in such an atmosphere of literature and art that his just published "*Reminiscences of a Very Old Man*," 1808-1897,—could not fail to be entertaining and instructive. D. Appleton and Co. issue it in their usual letter-perfect style. Its ample index will quickly prove how active a part this fine old gentleman has taken in the history of American literature. All well-ordered libraries should keep it on "the working shelves." The print is a credit to Boston's Merrymount Press.

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He who believes there is good in every human soul (and writers of books have souls), will find in the autumnal book harvest much goodness,—a harvest more pronounced in its variety than ever. There never was a time when such a flood of general information, disciplinary reading, and healthful literary nourishment was poured into the hearts and minds of a waiting world. There never was a year when so much could be had for so little money—when the treasures of mentality were so closely within the reach of the hungry, or when intelligence was more conquering or all-pervading. Hail dawning century! May new riches of mind be yours; but may the coming conquests over matter not dim the lustre of that which was best, and that which blessed men's souls during the last hundred years.

Oberammergau Passion-Play pilgrims are to hear and see a new and wondrous Christ the coming season, it is said; his real name being Anton Lang. English genealogists are trying to discover (and one thinks he has succeeded), Anton's relationship to Andrew, the great English critic who spends so much of his time communing with "dead authors." Something in heredity again? Andrew Lang is nothing if not theatrical in his amusing voicings of literary spooks of "blessed memory."



There's always hope for the community taking the attitude of "willingness to be posted." If more clergymen would adopt the course of the Rev. Peter MacQueen, "The National Magazine's" energetic representative in the Philippines, and see for themselves and at close range the true state of affairs in which the people at home are vitally interested, the masses of people would, of necessity, be better informed. His published interview on his recent return was lucid, amusingly frank, eminently tolerant, and thoroughly convincing. Now Bishop Potter, in like manner sensibly desiring to know, before speaking, whereof he speaks, goes to view the crisis face to face; and from him, later, will come some reading as interesting as that given out by Mr. MacQueen. And the especial meat of the matter is this: if more ministers in the business so to speak, of public teaching of morality, would make such commendable effort to keep abreast of current happenings in their own day and generation, and prove themselves as capable of applying great truths to present history as they seem to be to draw lessons from the side gate of the Garden of Eden, more people would go to church.

These clergymen are but following in the equally patriotic footsteps of the "fighting parsons" of former times. Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Malden (later of the famous Brattle Square Church in Boston), went to the front, and brought from Washington's camp on the Hudson, news that resulted in the hurrying of many fresh recruits to the aid of the Cause. It was Chaplain Jacob Trout who, gun in hand, preached for five minutes before the battle of Brandywine, remarking that he "had faith in the sword of the Lord o' Gideon, but he hadn't lost any in the musket of J. Trout." It was Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Pepperell, Mass., who kept the fires of patriotism not only alive, but at white heat, from his pulpit in 1758. Rev. Jonas Clark of Lexington, Rev. William Emerson of Concord, and others, set their parishioners excellent examples in preaching that just war which is the sure and only pathway to a permanent peace. True, there were Atkinslows and Winsons in those days. Who hears of them now?



Stockton's astonishing imagination was never better illustrated than in his "Vizier of the Two Horned Alexander," (Century Co., New York) just published. In this instance he makes someone else, apparently, tell the strange tale of semi-historic humor. The Reginald Birch illustrations add greatly to the interest centering in this story. One good thing is Crowder's appreciation of the good sense of his guest in these words: "You are apt to judge for yourself, and not care much for the opinion of others." Of how many you know could that be said?



"Contemptible to me are the whole conditions of contemporary life, this

whole stuffy business of living in houses, and going to offices, and making believe we are at peace because we have all the mortality and none of the exhilarations of war!" (Robert Louis Stevenson.)

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Certain doctors of divinity are getting excited, and with more or less cause,—over the injustice of the divorce court. In Stevenson's case, the divorce process would be commendable. His singular marriage to a good woman, just divorced, and actually given away to the novelist by her ex-husband, Mr. Osborne, proved the best possible thing for the "Seer of Samoa." Signs sometimes fail.

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H. Rider Haggard wintering in the Alten gold fields with Lord Ernest Hamilton must mean more weird magazine and book pages in the not distant future. Or perhaps two strong accessions to the ranks of the "Gold Bugs!"

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Another book worth chronicling among "best things" is Hubert Howe Bancroft's newest historical work, "The New Pacific," published by the Bancroft Company, New York. With this sterling historian's usual care for details of value, the sifting process has left only what far-sighted intelligence demands in this record of a new world; a volume handsomely printed, well indexed, not ponderous, as many histories are, but moving with all the interest of a romance.

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There are two books, some months published, which the public will do well to keep in mind when giving-time comes. Professor I. W. Davenport of Louisville introduced the writer, during an enforced hospital service the

past summer, to the charming pages of the "Stories Toto Told Me," by one "Baron Corvo," (number Six of the dainty Bodley Head Booklets, New York.) The pathetically-absurd legends told by this brown-skinned Abruzzian lad of 16 to the tourist in the Alban hills,—the wholesale way in which he gave human attributes and failings to the "glorious company of the Apostles," the Saints and all Angels, and even the Deity Himself; and the not-too-freely translated narrative, quaintly realistic and possessing the effect of the utterance of a transmigrated soul, (like Stockton's Crowder who came up the grand stairway of centuries from Moses' time,)—all makes delightful reading, and will continue to do so to such as can read between the lines, for years to come.

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The other work, surely worthy to be classed among the "Books Beautiful" of the closing century, is one which lovers, married and single,—real lovers,—will be delighted to "have and hold," and read again and again. No more enchanting poetry, true poetry, was ever published in the form of prose than Hamilton Wright Mabie's woodland pathway, fragrant with rosemary and rue and all the dear old-fashioned flowers, to "The Forest of Arden," beautifully printed by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. The accompanying Low decorations, "like perfect music unto noble words," aid in making every sentence a text and every page a sermon on human happiness.

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William Morris, poet-artist-philosopher-illuminator-printer, has taught that art has its place everywhere and in all branches of industry. While it is not within the province of this review of men and things to touch more

than briefly upon the commercial side of life, passing notice must be taken of that chef d'oeuvre of printing put out by the International Navigation Company to call attention to the gallant fleet of merchant-battleships, the "St. Paul," "St. Louis," "New York" and "Paris." Art lovers should own a copy, if for no other reason than to possess the bas-relievo reproductions of winged spirits representing Peace, War, Victory and the like. Reuter-dahl, Lenz, Schell, Sprague, Traver, Joplin, and Coffin have "conspired" to make the book a thing of great beauty. The student of current history should own and read the book for obvious reasons. Whoever wants to go abroad with the feeling of assured and aggressive safety, and in an atmosphere of victorious peace, possible by naval supremacy,—but this is trespassing on the business manager's firing-line. It only remains to be emphasized that a splendid opportunity to combine commercial enterprise with artistic excellence has been ably met by the now doubly-famous "American Line" of Ocean Steamships.

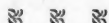


"Of many books there is no end," many of them real works of art; and never has this been more true than in this year of Graces along all lines of endeavor. The Critic with a big C now reads late into every night, and during a part of certain Sundays, in order to keep up with the great outpouring of matter from the publishing houses. But if she and he have their hands and minds full, so have the readers.



A last word. Select your winter's reading, gift or otherwise, as early as possible in December. Make

wise choice from the pages of this magazine; there will be found something good for all tastes—something suitable for every palate. Select while you can think. Don't, like the "madding crowd," go with the rush-line, and at the last minute. Then will you find that you have more wheat than chaff in your buyings, and more praise than blame for your good sense of the eternal fitness of things.



Let this thought come to the mind that, whines because no one now writes as did the former masters of fiction, and who states that these degenerate days do not appreciate or understand the former giants in literature. "Old things" in books are not altogether "passed away," because the cosmopolitan community, increasing constantly, demands and receives unheard-of things; nor has all "become new." Shakespeare, Thackeray, Scott, Poe, Eliot, Bulwer Lytton and Dumas are presented more sumptuously, and sold more widely than ever. The public still cries for and devours grand things in books. Think of a Dickens (and your croaker will speak of him early), in Buckner Library Edition, for example, in thirty-two buckram-bound volumes, with original Cruikshank, Leech, Landseer, Cattermore Maclise, H. K. Brown ("Phiz"), and other plates for embellishment; with eight original F. O. C. Darley photo-gravures (the last work before the artist's death), never before in any Dickens edition, thrown in for good measure—new type, wide margins, laid paper—a sumptuous offering at a distinctly reachable price. The public wishes a splendid Dickens—presto, here it is!



Publisher's Department

THERE has been a distinct revival of book-buying in this country during the past year. The fact is a good omen. When the people buy good books and run the editions up to the fabulous figures reached by some of the successes of the season, it is a welcome assurance that popular literary taste is not on the wane, as some pessimists would have us believe. The quest of the author for success in modern literature has in it an element of chance which is not far from kin to the fascination that inspires the locator and miner in the gold diggings, and popular fancy runs in well defined channels, and for measured, albeit abbreviated periods. The romantic, historical novel has enjoyed the most lasting favor of latter day book favorites. What will it be next? The successful exploiting of a novel is quite as dashing and exhilarating as starring an actress, or making every whiff of wind catch the full-stretched sails at an international yacht race.

WHY should there be alarm among older writers over the debut of new and popular American authors? They have come to stay, and the ranks must be recruited; but it is not likely that well-earned laurels in literature

will be swept aside by the new favorites. It is simply an expansion in production, to meet an expansion in reading. Not only do more people read more than they ever did, but there is an increasing demand for a higher standard of literature than ever before. "The National Magazine" receives thousands of manuscripts every month. We cannot avail ourselves of a tithe of those we receive, and consequently there must be found somewhere mediums for its expression, for good literary production will always find expression as well as appreciation somewhere. This accounts somewhat for the multiplicity of periodicals and these, each in turn, have been a potent factor in stimulating a distinctively American literature, and "The National Magazine" feels a close interest in this fact, because nothing but the contributions of American authors have ever appeared in our pages.

NOW a word as to contributors. Why is it that so many of you insist on writing sad, gruesome and heart-rending stories? In our "Smiles and Tears" department we are inundated with tears, while the smiles are the pearls searched for in barrels of manuscripts. One day's reading re-

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

veal ninety per cent. of sad and tragic aspects, and many of that creepy kind that sets the nerves on edge. It is enough to inspire suicide among editors to have so many of these cloudy, gloomy and morose manuscripts to read. Come place yourself in the reader's place. Give us more sunshine—with shadows now and then for a contrast. Appreciate the nobleness of bright, cheery lives, and pure and lofty ideals. Make the world happier, and let an air of cheerfulness prevail, even when there is a pathetic story to tell. This is said in all candor, and not as a criticism. In a run of twenty-two manuscripts, our roll-call indicated that 159 people were killed and wounded or missing. In a search for a story with some sunshine, the shadows deepen as the story progresses. Unconsciously, there is a wave of similarity which appears to universally pervade current writing. Any manuscript reader can note it in the publication of a coterie of novels, covering much the same trend and purpose and yet in many cases prepared with no suggestion or knowledge of any similar production. Public sentiment is governed by these subtle waves of thought, and the authors of to-day have a responsibility in eliminating, as far as possible, the hopeless and pitiless melancholia, which creates neither strong literature or satisfactory reading, or useful lives. Up with the standard of a wholesome life! We can all add, at least, our little individual candle power to the gleam of cheerfulness with which we ought to usher in the Twentieth Century and this Christmastide of 1899.

QUITE naturally, we have our latch string always out for more subscribers, and more subscribers come as "The National Magazine"

becomes better known. You are a factor in the kind of publicity we desire. If the magazine appeals to you, say so to your friends; if it does not, say so, and thereby save a friend. We must stand on our merits, and the evidences of the past few months in new subscriptions and renewals, has led us to believe that there is a popular appreciation of the aggressive and energetic work represented in each issue. At this time many libraries, clubs and schools, as well as individuals, are making up their periodical lists for the coming year. We want a place on that list, and a word spoken by you at the right time will do it.

IT is indeed gratifying to observe in the recent trend of events that the great political parties as well as individuals are awakened to the great dangers threatening this country, made militant in Trustism, run wild with its blight and destruction. The issue must be squarely met and without compromise. A combination of capital that enforces unjust and unholy tribute, is quite as unbearable a tyranny as the one fought in 1776. In fact, it is nothing more than a new rule of royalty in its most blighting sense. "The National Magazine" is in no sense a partisan periodical, but the question of trusts is a national question that affects the welfare of every individual, and we propose to stand squarely by the fight against the cabal of rotten and illegitimate incorporations which seek to bleed the people.

The attitude of certain advertisers in attempting to quell this growing spirit, by controlling the attitude of public periodicals on this question, is an illustration of what the result of Trustism would be if not checked, and the federation of business interests kept within legitimate bounds.



JANESVILLE—A TOBACCO CENTER

By Fenton S. Fox

THE state of Wisconsin is productive of almost everything, from the oldest city in the northwest to endless natural resources and limitless possibilities in every conceivable line of manufacture, while in many lines of agriculture it takes the lead.

Each section of the State has industries and conditions of very great importance, as those readers who have followed my articles are aware. Along the Fox River Valley it is paper

mills, manufacturing, and agriculture; further north lumbering and mining, while in the southern portion, where I am writing this article, tobacco culture is pre-eminent.

The Wisconsin tobacco crop for 1899 is valued at \$5,000,000. Be it understood that that amount is for the leaf in cases. What it will figure as manufactured goods—cigars, smoking and chewing tobacco—no one is ready to estimate. Rock county is the lead-

"A HAZARD"



ing tobacco district and Janesville is one of the most important markets for leaf in the section. There are twenty-two tobacco warehouses in the city, packing and handing thousands of cases of goods annually. At this time there are twenty-five buyers in Janesville and vicinity, purchasing stock for the great manufacturers of the United States. The sales made one week during the month of October by former mayor F. S. Baines, who is the leading warehouse man of the city, amounted to \$35,000, and the same week one shipment of 900 cases, or sixteen carloads, was made by packers to eastern manufacturers.

In many respects the Wisconsin leaf is superior to any other domestic product. Some of the best brands of Havanas are rolled from Wisconsin stock.

That tobacco is a valuable crop can be judged from the fact that the average valuation of all farm land in Rock county is \$43 per acre. The

entire county is not given over to tobacco raising. There are hundreds of acres yielding grain and other agricultural products.

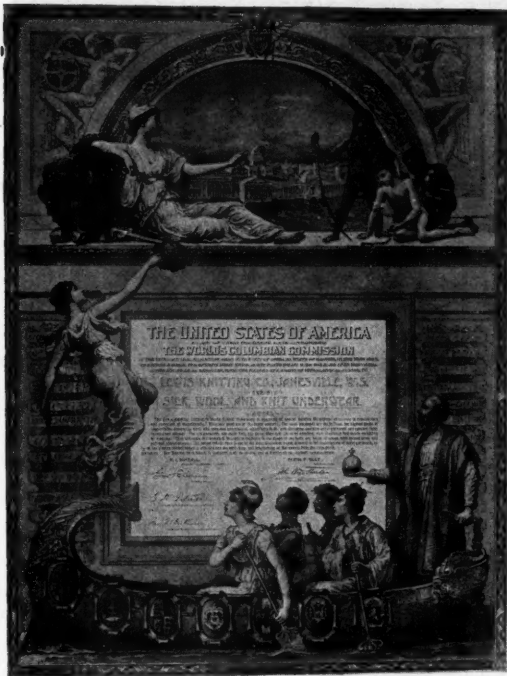
Janesville is the county-seat of Rock county. Geographically, the city is located fourteen miles from the Illinois border and is about 100 miles northwest from Chicago, on the Chicago & Northwestern and C. M. & St. P. Railroads. Rock river runs through the very heart of the city, dividing the place into two parts. There is, and always has been, warm rivalry between the two sections for supremacy, but on the whole, it has resulted in many attractive improvements being made by wealthy residents in an attempt to beautify their respective localities, while many a spirited contest has taken place over the location of public buildings. One side outstripped the other in the matter of fine residences, and the other side secured the location of the magnificent high school building and the Y. M. C. A. That was rather a hard blow, but the demoralized forces gathered strength and captured the new county jail. "We didn't want it," said the rival side, "we are fishing for something better." And they landed the new

"A DRIVE"



JANESVILLE—A TOBACCO CENTER

DIPLOMA OF THE LEWIS KNITTING WORKS



Federal building, and will move the post office. It staggered the other side for a time, but a flank movement was made, by the completion of a modern office building equipped with an elevator, splendid suites of offices, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and a score or more of the professional men, having offices in buildings across the bridge, were tenanted in the new structure. That balances things up, for a time, until some new plan can be devised for securing revenge.

Janesville, like Appleton, of which I wrote in August, is entitled to a place in the progress of improved transportation facilities. While Appleton boasts of having built the first electrical street railway, Janesville is complacent in contemplating the fact that Col. Ezra Miller, while residing here

in 1864, invented and put into operation the automatic car coupler, with which all passenger coaches and thousands of freight cars are equipped, the world over. Before the introduction of this device the "telescoping" of trains in case of an accident resulted in the death of many travelers. Ten years ago Congress passed a law obliging the railroad companies to equip all freight cars with automatic couplers, and by so doing removed all possibility of railroad men being injured while making couplings. Mr. Albert S. Lee, of Janesville, worked on the first model of the Miller buffer and automatic coupler, and in chatting with me about the matter said the idea of such an appliance

was suggested to Mr. Miller after being in a wreck on an eastern road.

The success of the invention was celebrated, Mr. Miller giving an elaborate banquet. He afterwards went east and became a millionaire as a result of his invention.

This is not the only claim Janesville has to fame. Not very far from this city is the old homestead where Frances E. Willard, the late temperance leader, was born, and spent her childhood. Her father, J. F. Willard, was one of the founders of the Central Bank in 1855. Since that time the name of the banking house has been changed to the First National.

Perhaps Janesville has been better advertised to the world through the enterprise of the Parker Pen Company and the Lewis Knitting Works than all

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THE LAURIEN SOCIETY



the other enterprises combined. In their respective lines both companies are leaders, having established world-wide reputations, and in so doing have carried the name Janesville into thousands of homes.

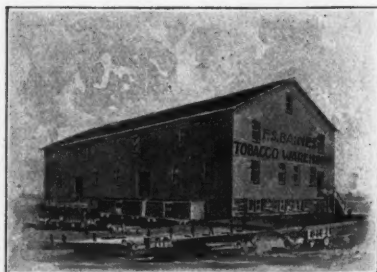
There are many other lines of manufacturing carried on here. Two great cotton mills stand on the banks of Rock River and employ many hands; there is a shoe factory and other industries, yet there is room—plenty of it—for hundreds of others to establish enterprises here. The necessity for organizing and maintaining a business men's board of trade, for the purpose of all pulling together for the improvement of the city is being discussed. "We want more manufacturing industries here and we want more railroads," said an enterprising business man. "We have ideal sites to offer. As a distributing point we hold our own with any inland place. It is just the right distance from Chicago. All we need is more publicity to attract attention to our city."

The location of Janesville is picturesque and unusually attractive. There are many things to commend the place to those looking for business locations or homes.

There is a pearl button factory here, employing half a hundred hands and

turning out thousands of the finest quality of buttons. Tons of Mississippi clam shells are used in producing the buttons.

Speaking of clams recalls the fact that many handsome and valuable pearls have been found in clams taken from the Rock river. Many men make a business of pearl hunting in this vicinity, and it is not infrequent that a real find is made. It is claimed that as high as \$500 has been paid for a Rock river pearl. The school system in the city is one of the very best in the West. The fame of the Janesville high school has gone away beyond the borders of the Badger State. Then there is the Janesville Business College, an institution with an enviable reputation. The Valentine School of Telegraphy is largely attended, many people coming from distant States to learn the profession.



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There are many social organizations, including the "Twilight Club," made up of leading professional and business men; the "Coterie Club," a splendid picture of which appears elsewhere in this article, and several other social organization, including the Golf Club. This is one of the foremost country clubs in the State. Ideal links, and a comfortable club house within a short distance of the city afford many pleasant meetings during the season. Some of the members play in championship form.

There are two daily newspapers in Janesville. The "Evening Gazette," is

managed by "Jim" Wilmarth, and edited by Burton Nowlan. Mr. Wilmarth is in Texas this winter, living in a tent. In building up the substantial printing establishment he presides over he forgot that he required rest. Now he is taking a long vacation. Mr. Nowlan is one of the ablest editors in the State, and the "Gazette" influence is very much due to his clean cut and straight-from-the-shoulder policy.

The morning "Recorder" is an influential publication, edited by Mr. Brand, who has seen many years of service and is recognized as an authority. He is a strong and able writer.

WATERLOO

By George Gallarno

"**W**ATERLOO!" It is the brakeman's voice. You gather your traveling bags about you, carefully remove the little white ticket the conductor succeeded in slipping under your hat band, button your coat about your throat, and wait for the roaring of the car wheels to cease, and for the great train to slow down and come to a standstill.

"Waterloo! Wah-ter-loo-o!"

You think of defeat, retreat, disorder, disaster, Napoleon! Then you think of Blucher and Wellington and victory—and—then the hackman has you in his clutches, and you give up to him.

Mounting the slippery steps of his lumbering vehicle, you find a seat on what was once a fair-to-look-upon cushion of cloth and straw, but which is now moth-eaten and holey.

The driver mounts up in front of you, and you catch a glimpse of his back as he raises his whip, sounds that mysterious chirrup that no one but an Iowa hackman can sound, and away you go, wallowing through muddy streets, past little wooden structures, only relieved now and then by a more pretentious building of brick. You wonder if this is really Napoleon's Waterloo, still living the memorial defeat of the great general in its lack of enterprise, enthusiasm, and go-ahead-ativeness.

You see in all your ride evidences of an overgrown country village, with here and there a bright spot in the somber hue of the picture, where some venturesome spirit has dared to emulate city airs in a small degree.

You see a good-natured, open-hearted, contented people, living in dreams, satisfied with themselves and the world. You also see just a touch of a spirit which convinces you a new day is dawning for this people, and that they are about to make rapid forward strides. But they see it not, and, knowing it not, are satisfied.

That is the Waterloo of the late '80's; the Waterloo which is just emerging from its chrysalis shell; the Rip Van Winkle Waterloo, just aroused from its twenty years' nap; throwing out its arms, yawning, stretching itself, and just opening its eyes to a glorious vision which the future holds for it.

...

"Waterloo! Waterloo!" It is the cry of the brakeman. But it is not like the dismal sound of a decade before. You don't think of Napoleon or defeat. There is a ring in the voice which only recalls the reverse side of the picture—victory!

You find the lazy, quiet village has disappeared, and in its place a hustling, bustling city, a bit of the heart of some big trade center of the East, set here like a pearl on the bosom of glorious Iowa's prairie. You find this pearl, the business heart, but the center of a setting of architectural gems, happy, contented homes.

You find the Waterloo of 1899, a city of 12,000 or more souls, rushing along toward the threshold of the twentieth century and hurrying, skurrying, trading, buying, selling, tearing down, building up, crowding, pushing, pulling, intent in every way in greeting the new coming cycle in her best "bib

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and tucker" and giving it a welcome which will make old Father Time rub his eyes and wonder if he hasn't slipped a cog in his century-making mechanism and pulled the old world a notch or so too far ahead.

Waterloo is the capital of Blackhawk County, and the capital city of northern central Iowa. It is situated on both banks of the Red Cedar River, one of the great streams of the state, whose water is a nectar, pure and clear and crystal, abounding in game fish, and holding unlimited power in its placid rolling to the sea.

How the town was founded, of its early career, of the struggles of the hardy pioneers who builded the foundation for the now flourishing city, this paper will have nothing to say.

It is not to deal with the past, but the living, breathing, pulsing present. The Waterloo of to-day! That is the theme we wish to enter on for a few moments, believing the readers of "The National Magazine" would prefer that to tales of early suffering and privation—though there is material of this character enough to be worthy preservation in book form, too.

The Cedar River is about 600 feet wide at this point. It is crossed by a heavy, permanent dam, and above this obstruction is at all times an immense volume of water, where in the summer time, steamboats, launches and myriads of light pleasure craft ply up and down. The river is spanned by three bridges. It furnishes power for the Union Mill Company's mills, turning out 600 barrels of flour daily.

FOURTH ST. LOOKING EAST FROM CEDAR LAKE BRIDGE



WATERLOO

FOURTH ST. LOOKING WEST



The city is noted for its wide and well-kept streets, many miles of which are paved with Iowa made brick, and which in the residence part lead up to beautiful and well shaded lawns. The city boasts of more miles of cement walks than any city of its size in the Union. It also boasts of its common school system, second to none in the great educational state of Iowa; of its churches; private and parochial schools; and academies and business colleges.

The growth of Waterloo since 1880 has been marvellous, when it is considered that the city has never had the exhilaration of a boom. In 1880 the population was 5,630; in 1899 it is 12,000; a gain of 5,000 since 1890, and a gain of ten per cent the past year. Keeping up with the gain in popula-

tion, the city has gone forward in every way as a municipality. It possesses a magnificent waterworks system; a fine gas and electric light plant, and an electric street railway, stretching its lines of steel to all sections of the city, and operating an interurban route to Cedar Falls, a pretty city of 6,000 inhabitants, six miles distant. This electric railway, operated as the Waterloo and Cedar Falls Rapid Transit Company, is one of the most perfect and best equipped systems in the west.

Added to the educational advantages of Waterloo, should be the Waterloo Chautauqua Assembly, now in its tenth year, and pronounced the greatest and most successful assembly west of New York. All the great lecturers, educators and entertainers in the

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country find places on its platform. The Chautauqua season each summer is the proudest part of the year to the people of this city.

Surrounding this city is one of the most productive sections of farming lands to be found in the United States; in fact, as one writer has said, it is in the banner county of "Iowa, the Eden of American Agriculture." For miles in any direction from the city the farms are exceptionally well-kept and stocked, and the scores of beautiful country homes and spacious granaries and barns, speak volumes in substantiation of this claim.

The grain crop of Blackhawk county for 1898 amounted to \$2,196,375.00. And remember that this does not take into consideration the immense dairy interests and the stock raising interests, both of which are important factors. For some years past, the farmers have taken up some time in developing the dairy industry, and the result is eighteen creameries in active operation, besides a number of cheese factories. This industry is a growing one, and parties in the creamery supply trade, recognizing in Waterloo the natural center for this marvelous section, have established manufactories here to supply their trade, and every one of them has prospered.

Waterloo has three through lines—three first-class railways, viz.: The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, the Illinois Central and the Chicago Great Western; also the old Cedar Falls & Minnesota, now operated as the Lyle branch of the Illinois Central.

From the facts so far stated, the

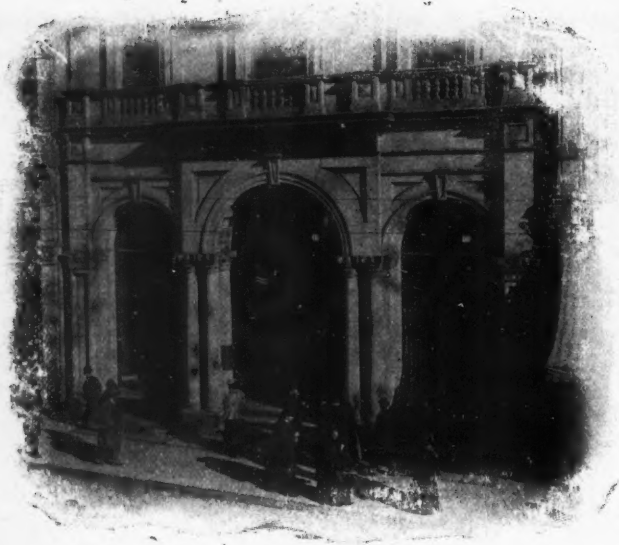
cause of Waterloo's growth is easily discerned. Waterloo has had fewer failures by comparison, and less financial disaster than any other town in the state.

To the thoughtful inquirer all these points will prove of importance in considering the character of a city, but they are hardly complete, and cannot be made so in a paper of limited scope.

Waterloo has now fifty-nine manufacturing plants, the total business of which during the year 1898 was \$2,215,084. The favors of trade extended to these institutions, many of them new, demonstrates a field here for such enterprises, and there is room for more.

Of jobbing and wholesale houses, Waterloo has twenty-six, which transacted a business of \$3,799,500 during 1898. This brings the total jobbing and manufacturing for the year to \$6,015,484. Here also are a few facts to consider: The assessed valuation of the city is \$2,133,537, assessed at one-fourth value; the debt is \$60,000; tax rate, 49 mills; death rate, 5 in 1,000 per annum; annual shipment by rail, 16,500 carloads; banking capital, \$655,000; deposits, \$1,300,000; six public school buildings; fifteen churches; and all modern municipal improvements. The city has also two active commercial organizations, the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce. The members of each are among the most successful business men, and it is their unselfish interest and generous giving, coupled with the strong loyalty of all its citizens, which has placed the city in the rank it now occupies.





CONSCIENCE IN CLOTHES

THE dawn of a new prosperity throughout the country is evidenced by many significant facts aside from the records of the ticker and bulletin board. Business and professional men, relieved of the weight of care caused by the commercial depression of the past months, are lightening the strain by giving an increased share of their attention to other matters. Outdoor sports, a week in the Maine woods, a day at the race-track—all are elements making for the rejuvenation of the jaded slave of finance or the too intent watcher of the fluctuations of the tide of business.

Another specially significant fact is the increased amount of attention paid to their personal appearance by all men. With the Wall Street thermometer hovering around zero and their favorite stock dropping out of

sight, the shade of a necktie or the set of a coat was too slight a matter to claim consideration. All this, however, is now changed, and the business man, professional man, broker and merchant, in fact all classes, are seen in daily increasing numbers coming out of Macullar, Parker Company's salesrooms with the satisfied expression of men who are conscious that they have secured the proper thing in clothes at the most reasonable price consistent with the well-known superiority of the product of this firm.

What mother of a healthy son has not met the perplexities of keeping the boy well clothed at the least possible outlay? This is a question which the Macullar, Parker Company has successfully solved. They have first of all studied the boys, and the portions of the clothing where extra

strength is required. The suits are made by expert tailors, and so made as to obtain the greatest possible service from the cloth. Any mother who has ever purchased clothing for her boys at Macullar, Parker Company's need not be told where to go, because the confidence established in the initial purchase is permanent, and the boy grows into a man, and this fact explains in part the phenomenal growth and strength of this establishment. Once they begin with the boys, securing the mother's or parents' endorsement, the boy himself later on studies and derives the same results in purchase of clothing, because of the necessity of being well dressed.

The entrance to the custom department is 398 Washington street, a location quite familiar to Boston and New England people. Here is where is always found a large stock of foreign and domestic goods—the goods that are always proper and serviceable. The garments are made to measure with all that it is possible to secure in tailormaking. The best cutting talent to be obtained is employed, and the manufacturing done in special rooms by thoroughly skilled men tailors.

There is no need in the clothing line that has not been thoroughly studied by this firm, down to the veriest detail. And from a hygienic standpoint, the purchase of clothing from Macullar, Parker Company is an important consideration. It is the one firm that is absolutely proof against the product of the "sweat shop" and the attendant dire consequences of this distribution of sweat-shop products. Look into the matter personally, and visit the establishment of Macullar, Parker Company, and you will be grateful for the suggestion which led to the purchase of thoroughly reliable, healthful and properly made clothing. There is a decided feeling of satisfaction at-

tendant upon purchasing so important an adjunct to one's personal appearance where one has every confidence in the quality of the goods and the honesty, skill and good taste of the makers.

There's pretty good precedent, also, for patronizing the Macullar, Parker Company. When we state that such men as Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Beecher, Longfellow, and a host of their contemporaries were regular customers of this famous establishment, it gives the reader some idea of what a high standard of excellence must have been maintained through all the long years of its business existence.

There is a vast difference between the "cheap clothing" of the sweat shop or tenement make and the "clothing that is cheap" by reason of the style, comfort and durability obtained for the money expended. The Macullar, Parker Company's product is "cheap" because the customer invariably obtains the very best in the essentials of first-class materials, skilled workmanship, and faultless style and fit.

The establishment at 398 and 400 Washington street, Boston, (in the same location for nearly forty years) is a striking example of up-to-date methods in the making of clothing. About five acres of floor space is occupied in the five story and basement building, which is a model for the purpose.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the abundance of light. The second is the scrupulous cleanliness. The eye searches the floor, the corners, everywhere in vain for a sign of carelessness in this particular. The third is the contented faces of the workers. There is none of the tired, hopeless class here. The little army is composed, happy, with a cheerful side glance for the stranger, as he threads his way about under the courteous guidance of his mentor. There are

CONSCIENCE IN CLOTHES

sewing machines—rows of them—but a tiny wire, connecting with a hidden dynamo, furnishes the power, and the operator simply guides the work with skillful hands. The sanitary arrangements are the same as those of a modern hotel. It is a workshop where everybody is busy, but where there is not the remotest hint that dirt and despair are the natural accompani-

Hawley street. Here the main stock of piece goods is kept. The firm are heavy importers, and a select trade is done with custom tailors all over the country. A large number of traveling men are constantly employed, and there are branch offices located in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, with a foreign purchasing agency in London, at 30 Golden square,—known to



ments of toil. In this sense the atmosphere is distinctly uplifting.

As an instance of special care in detail, the white vests and shirts are made in a carpeted room. This room is suggestive in every detail of the neatness required in the putting together of these delicate garments. It is, like the others, a perfect workroom for its purpose.

Let us descend to the main basement, which has also an entrance on

readers of Dickens as the place of residence of Ralph Nickleby. All power, light and heat are made on the premises in the sub-basement, where there is about one hundred horse power housed in the latest machinery.

The Macullar, Parker Company employs the largest force of any house in the world that makes or sells ready-to-wear clothing only at retail. It is especially noteworthy in this age of disagreement between employer and

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employee, to observe the pleasant relations existing between this firm and its workmen.

Decidedly, the establishment of the Macullar, Parker Company stands as a high example of integrity and worth in its especial field, and fully deserves the exalted place it has attained in the regard of its customers.

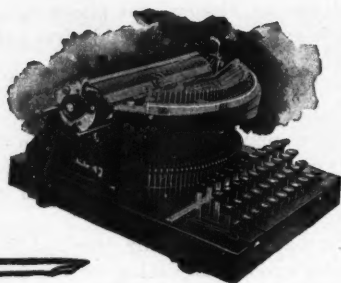
The main office of the firm and the director's room, adjoining, on the second floor, are a veritable storehouse of historical reminiscence. Everywhere are tributes to old New England. A series of photographs of old Boston churches and other notable buildings ornament the walls of the counting-room, and are a record of the growth of the metropolis. In the director's room, which has the dignity and atmosphere of the old-fashioned bank parlor, Mr. Parker takes the visitor to a book case stored with rare and valuable old books relating to Boston, including directories of different dates as far back as 1820. In the directory of 1840 is found the name of "Daniel Webster, Counsellor, Court street, corner Tremont street."

Memories of the best and wisest period of New England life cluster all about the establishment, are interwoven with its traditions, are a part of its history. There is a notable tradition that the Prince of Wales during his visit to the United States, while staying at the Revere House in Boston, in October, 1860, purchased of this house an "Inverness" traveling cape, when about leaving for Portland to take the steamship for England on the 19th of that month. This is probably the only purchase of ready-made clothing His Highness ever made in his life.

To praise the output of Macullar, Parker Company is a work of supererogation. A firm whose senior member welcomes the grandchildren of his first patrons needs little other recommendation to the large number who have still to learn the pleasure and satisfaction of dealing at this establishment.



Jackson Typewriter



THE typewriter is to-day a necessity in the transaction of business.

This much being granted, the question that arises is to have the best typewriter for commercial purposes, saving time and producing work at the least cost in money and worryment.

On this point there can be no question with any one who has studied the construction and operation of the new Jackson typewriter. This is not an idle statement, but the verdict of all those who have looked into the matter. It was my good fortune to visit the factory of the Jackson Typewriter in Boston, and in that busy hive of industry, employing a large force of the best and most expert mechanics, I founded conclusions entrenched in personal observation, and from practical tests made of the machine in many leading offices in Boston and the cities where it has been introduced.

The first machine was only placed upon the market last March, and the demand has already exceeded the original capacity for production, which has been largely increased. The Jackson typewriter is not a spontaneous outburst or an inventive dream, but the outgrowth of necessity to perfect the shortcomings in what have been looked upon as "standard machines." The inventors tested every detail and phase of improvement for four years before putting it on the market, realizing

then that the improvements were fixed and determined beyond those of any other machine, and they were equipped for this undertaking, having been in the business for many years, making the machines that are now controlled by the trust.

The first impression of any one looking over the Jackson typewriter is its astonishing simplicity and originality. In it are the simple but immutable laws of printing, which seem to have been overlooked in the construction of earlier typewriters. Compact and reliable, it is as accurately constructed as a watch, and is, indeed, a marvel in modern mechanism.

Every one who has operated a typewriter will be interested in knowing how it is built; and it is difficult to realize that such mammoth factories and machine-shops are required for the construction of so small a machine.

In the die-room you can get an idea of what it is to start such an enterprise. Over 500 steel dies are kept there to make every part of the machine. The levers are made of the best cold rolled steel, and here the foundation is laid with a frame light and rigid as a printing press—following in spirit the rule of the sturdy old press-builder, who insisted that he must throw the presses out of the fourth-story windows, and if they were then ready for good work he felt

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that a real test had been made. The various parts of the lever, which inverts the usual rule of typewriters and gives a direct impression from type on the platen, are so constructed as to obviate wear and friction. This enables the operator to see just what his work is doing, without consuming time and energy in lifting the carriage. These bits of steel, when assembled, fit with the precision and accuracy of a clock, steel levers being used instead of wood. The carrier, guide, link, and the trip, are each fascinating bits of mechanism. The type-bar is the great improvement, and it is almost inconceivable to know how much that little bit of steel means in the construction of a typewriter. All the strain is taken from the bar by a heel, which works automatically, and insures a life for the Jackson typewriter at least twice as long as that of any other machine; and this fact has been thoroughly and amply demonstrated.

The necessity of the bell is done away with, as the machine locks when the line is completed, and which is easily gauged by the operator with his work directly in front of him. If it is desired to go further, the release bar affords this without any loss of time, and the line can be run to the very margin of the paper, if so desired.

The Jackson has what printers call "perfect justification," and this is especially noticeable in the table work. A tabulating bar controls the platen, and with the guide the figures are placed directly in line under each other with the accuracy of the best tabular work, and this is why the Jackson is proving so popular for general commercial work. The card system can be used with no changes; postal cards can be written; envelopes or large circulars addressed by feeding in direct without having to turn up the flaps or feed them in backwards. The

alignment is so perfect that an envelope can be addressed or line written directly over one already written, without in the least defacing the work.

There are no ribbons to annoy. The printing is done in the way printing has always had to be done from the time of Gutenberg, direct from pad to paper, and what will interest most operators, the type is cleaned by a single stroke of the brush, obviating the dreaded miseries of "cleaning days." In fact, the machine is constructed from a thorough understanding of the difficulties and annoyances in operating machines of earlier make, which will soon prove quite out of date.

After a careful inspection of the working parts of the "Jackson," and a thorough demonstration of its capabilities in the way of speed, perfect alignment and high grade of work, and a consideration of the advantages derived from owning a machine which embodies so many desirable improvements, one is not in the least surprised to learn that it is rapidly displacing the old style "standard" typewriters in up-to-date business establishments where only the best equipments can gain and keep a foothold.

Perhaps, also, the great favor which it has attained in the regard of nimble-fingered operators has something to do with its general adoption, as it lightens and simplifies their work in many ways, and embodies, to a greater degree than any other machine, their ideas of what the typewriter par excellence should be.

The great perseverance of its makers in striving to produce the very best machine possible, and refusing to place it on the market until they could conscientiously offer it as such, is meeting with its just reward, as well in the commendation of its users as in the phenomenal sales which it has attained.

THE JACKSON TYPEWRITER

Mr. Joseph H. Jackson, the treasures and general manager, and his associates have thrown all their energy into a perfect production, and the result entirely justifies their claims. They have been the first to thoroughly master the fundamental economics in typewriter work. The machine embodies all the best points of the best machines, but has less than half as many parts to get out of order, while adding numerous important and essential up-to-date improvements.

The dream of all operators is accomplished in having every word and letter as distinctly visible as the work goes on as if written with a pen. Blanks are easily filled, tabulating and invoice making expedited. Manifolded is done better than on any other machine. There are no ribbons to offset impressions and give a mussed appearance. As perfect alignment with a dozen sheets in carbon work is secured, as when a single sheet is used, and in this respect the "Jackson" has distanced all competitors.

The spacing contrivance is a great advance. Besides the regular spacing of other machines, a small lever makes it possible to secure any spacing desired from "solid" to triple space or more—in fact any distance desired is easily and quickly obtainable without changing the machine.

To all those who are in any way interested in either operating or purchasing a typewriter there is only one fore word. Be sure and see a "Jackson" or send for a catalogue to the Jackson Typewriter Co., Shirley and Clifton streets, Boston. You will never regret having had your attention called to a matter which means the saving of time and money, and the infinite satisfaction of knowing that you are strictly up to the times.

Believing thoroughly in the axiom that the best is none too good, the

makers of the "Jackson" have issued a catalogue that is a revelation of what skill and taste—when outlay is not stinted—can do in this line. Designed and printed by Will Bradley, at the University Press, it is a marvel of fine artistic topography, and outshines other catalogues as does the "Jackson" eclipse other machines. The paper is of a much finer quality than that entering into the making of any but the highest priced books; the illustrations, which show in detail the working of every part of the "Jackson," are extremely fine specimens of half-tone work; the embellishments of the pages, worked out in red and blue-black, are strikingly unique; and the type arrangement evidences the most careful attention to the smallest detail. When the highest grade of press-work is employed to carry out the general design, the result is a catalogue that marks an epoch in exquisite letterpress production. Indeed, none but a practical printer can appreciate, to the fullest degree, the amount of labor and careful preparation entering into such a work. The skilled service of the paper-maker, the ink manufacturer, the press builder, the type founder, the photographer, the artist, the engraver, the compositor, the pressman, and book binder—all were utilized by the designer in the making of a harmonious, artistic and pleasing production. It is the—but what's the use of saying more. Send for a copy; observe carefully and appreciatively its excellence; take it home and exhibit it in the family circle; lay awake and think about it at night; and ten to one you'll hurry down to the office in the morning to send in an order for a "Jackson" before the fellow next door gets ahead of you.

We trust that every reader of "The National Magazine" will send for a copy of this work of art.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

One Million Cured Cases

Over a million cures of diseases in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Many of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply incontestable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. It is my privilege as one of their number to have had a wonderful measure of success. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind, and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. They also included chronic cases of a tedious and obstinate nature. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or wherever one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-ct. stamp for postage.

Address, S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B.,
52-K Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SOUTH AMERICA

A Study for Clubs and Literary Societies

A popular illustrated history of liberty in the Andean Republics by Ezekiah Butterworth.

This book, for popular reading, is well adapted to the use of Clubs, Societies and Schools who would study the Andean Heroes and Bolivia's plans for the perpetual peace for the American world. South America is the new land of opportunity. The book pictures the heroic Creoles in their struggles for Independence and progress. Published by Doubleday & McClure Co., N. Y., \$2.00.

SHE WAS TOO FAT

Ada St. Clair, the actress, played leading-lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage.

She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds.

One day she found a perfect cure, and in two months thereafter she appeared in a high-class young girl part, weighing just 128 pounds, and the reduction in flesh was without the least injury to her health or purse.

What she did, how she did it, and what she used, and how the same treatment has cured many men and women since, Mrs. Lafarge will tell you, confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. You can buy what she prescribes from your own druggist. The cure depends more on what you do and how you do it. No violent exercise, no starvation diet, or anything of that sort. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in a \$1 bill or stamps.)

Address Mrs. Louise Lafarge, Station E, Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work she will send you your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done.



The Washington Elm, Cambridge, Mass.
Under this tree Washington first took command of the
American Army, July 3, 1775



Old North Church (Salem Street)
Paul Revere displayed lanterns here, 1775

Historical China

Twenty-eight views, as below, on dessert plates (9 inch) engraved for us by Wedgwood from picturesque etchings, in genuine old blue Wedgwood with foliage border, the following views:

State House, Boston, Bulfinch front, dedicated 1795.
Old South Church. Tea Party met here 1773.
Old North Church, Salem Street. Paul Revere's lanterns
were displayed here 1775.
Green Dragon Tavern, Union Street, Boston, styled by
Daniel Webster, the Headquarters of the Revolution.
Also, the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here.
King's Chapel, Boston, built 1638, rebuilt 1754.
Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1868.
Old Sun Tavern, Faneull Hall Square, 1680 to 1895.
Old Boston Theatre, corner Federal and Franklin Streets,
1794.
Faneull Hall, "Cradle of Liberty," built 1742.
Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845. Lamb Tavern, 1746.
Boston Common and State House, 1886.
Harbor View of Boston from a map of 1768.
Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Build-
ing.
State Street and Old State House, 1883.

Adjacent Lean-to Houses, in Quincy, Mass., each of which
was the birthplace of a President of the United States.
The Public Library, Boston, 1885.
Trinity Church, Boston, 1886.
Mount Vernon, 1892, the home of Washington.
1743. Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1893, where the In-
dependence of the United States was declared July 4, 1776.
Old State House. East end, 1890, built 1657, rebuilt 7112.
Old Meeting-House, Hingham, erected 1681.
Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor, 1620.
Boston Town House, 1657, first seat of Massachusetts Gov-
ernment, built by Thomas Joy; burned 1711. Site,
head of State Street, Boston.
Longfellow's birthplace, Portland, Me.
Longfellow's early home, 1898, Portland, built 1783.
The Battle on Lexington Common, 1775.
The Wayside Inn, 1883, Sudbury, Mass., 1899.
Washington's Headquarters, 1790, Newburgh, N. Y., 1899.
Washington Crossing the Delaware.

Dessert Plates as above, \$6.00 per dozen; same if gilded edge, \$7.80. Securely packed for ship-
ping long distances. Visitors will find in our Art Pottery Rooms—Dinner Set Department—Hotel
and Club Department—Cut Glass Department—Lamp Department—Stock Pattern Department, and
on the main floor, an extensive exhibit of Jardinieres and Pedestals, Umbrella and Cane Holders,
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